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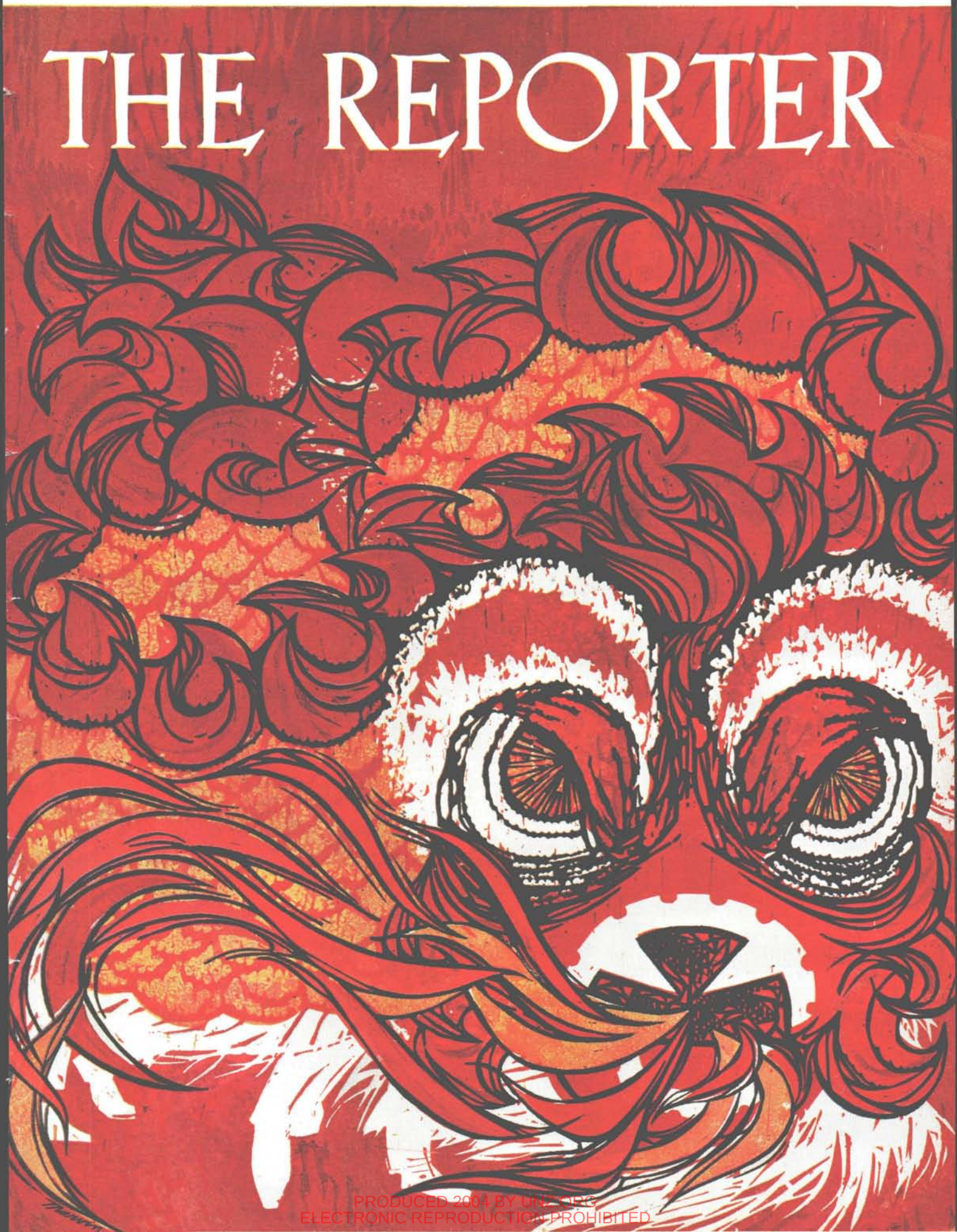
More Than Mao Can Chew (page 37)

THE REPORTER



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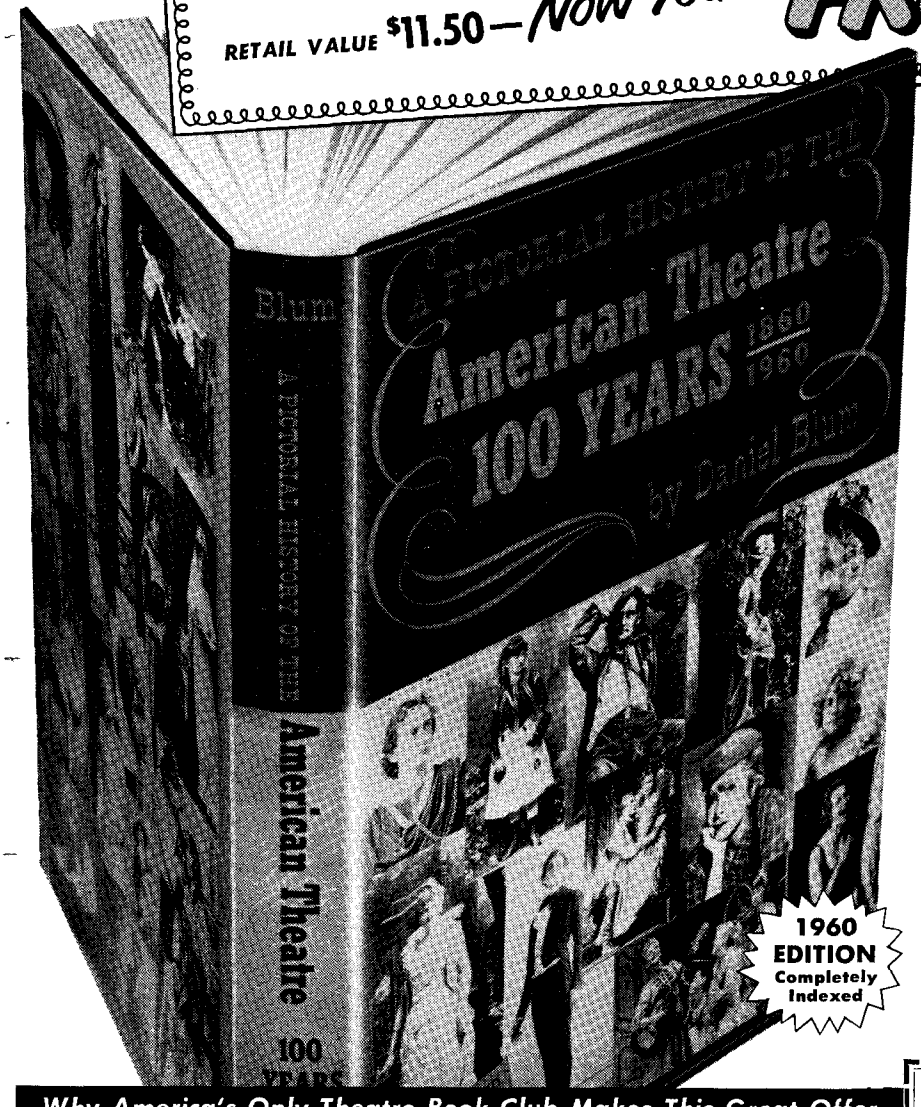

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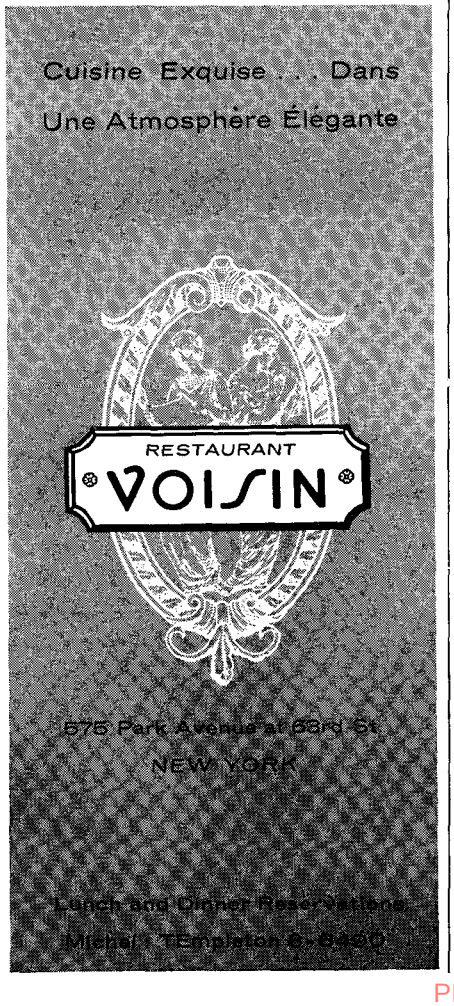

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660 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.

Manuscripts or artwork submitted to The Reporter should be accompanied by addressed envelope and return postage. The publisher assumes no responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts or artwork.

THE REPORTER, October 27, 1960, Volume 23, No. 7. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York, and at Dayton, Ohio. Published every other Thursday except for omission of two summer issues by The Reporter Magazine Company, 660 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y. © 1960 by The Reporter Magazine Company. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Subscription prices, United States, Canada, U.S. Possessions and Pan American Union: One year $6, Two years $9.50, Three years $12. All other countries: One year $7, Two years $11.50, Three years $15. Please give four weeks' notice when changing address, giving old and new address. **Send notice of undelivered copies on Form 3579 to: The Reporter, McCall St., Dayton 1, Ohio.** Indexed in *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature* and *Public Affairs Information Service.*

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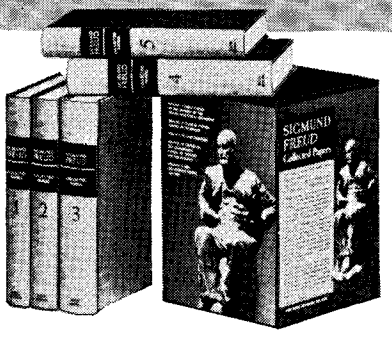

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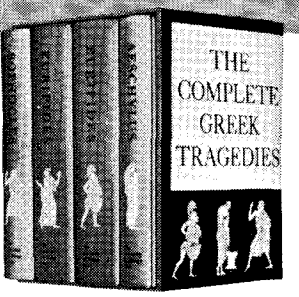

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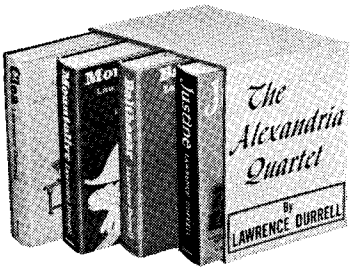

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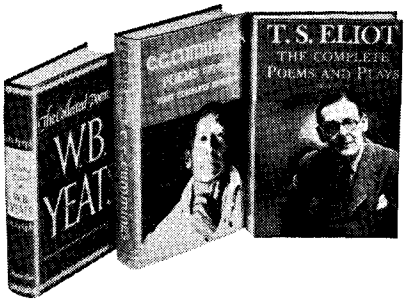

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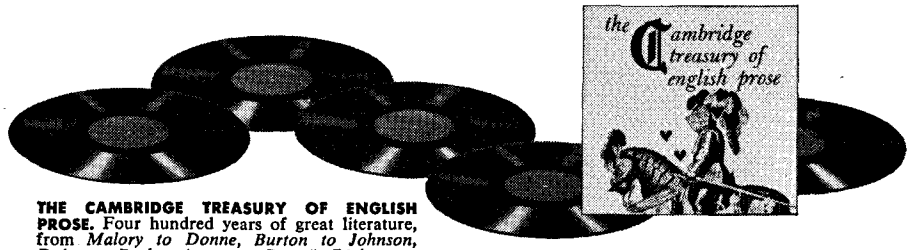

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

SINCE September 20, when the United Nations General Assembly began its present session, our editor has been commuting between affairs at the U.N. and national politics. In this issue, **Max Ascoli** considers what has been happening both at the U.N. and in the television quiz game that is supposed to contribute to the selection of the next President of the United States. We have already taken a position in this election in favor of Senator Kennedy, but we are *not* a partisan magazine and we do not particularly cherish these quadrennial occasions when we feel we have an obligation to align ourselves with one party. We must add, however, that we are perhaps more deeply concerned over this election than over the other two that have taken place since *The Reporter* came into being. . . . **Douglass Cater,** our Washington editor, has followed the two candidates on their campaign tours, and he too has obviously reached his own decision. . . . **William L. Rivers,** a member of our staff, contributes some factual and impartial considerations in his description of how the drive for registration on both sides may effect the vote on November 8. . . . **Marya Mannes's** article on Henry Cabot Lodge could certainly not be termed partial either. Ambassador Lodge may have been too quick on the draw in his constant attempts to answer Soviet delegates at the U.N., but in our opinion he has acquitted himself with distinction. We respect him, as we respect his opposite number on the Democratic ticket, Lyndon B. Johnson. . . . With so much talk from certain zealots about the prospect of the White House becoming an outpost of the Vatican, we asked our Mediterranean correspondent, **Claire Sterling,** who lives in Rome, to take a not too long trip to Vatican City. She has found no trunks or bags in the Papal courtyard being prepared for shipment to the United States. . . . A far more immediate interest in the succession to the White House is to be found, however, in the European capitals, as the report from London sent us by our British correspondent, **Alastair Buchan,** makes quite clear.

THE ARTICLE by **Edmond Taylor** from Paris also has to do with American politics—or at least with American diplomacy—for it seems probable that in spite of the debate on Algeria, President de Gaulle would not have stayed at home if the leadership of the Atlantic alliance had given evidence of greater activity. . . . **Gordon Shepherd,** a correspondent for the London *Daily Telegraph*, reports from Vienna on the state of affairs in Austria, a country whose neutralism is at least positive. . . . **Paul Jacobs** analyzes the implications of the strike against the General Electric Company—a battle between a divided union and an industrial giant. . . . Two years ago Mao Tse-tung decreed that China's 550 million peasants should be herded into the country's third agrarian revolution since they seized power. **Wolf Ladejinsky,** who has few peers as an authority on land reform, discusses the record of Mao's "escalators to heaven." Mr. Ladejinsky is presently a technical consultant at the Presidency of the Republic of Vietnam.

Elizabeth Marshall Thomas, whose reminiscences of life along the Okovango River ("Waters Strong and Many") appeared in our April 14 issue, is the author of *The Harmless People* (Knopf). . . . **Jay Jacobs,** who is both an artist and a writer—to say nothing of being a movie reviewer—discusses a book by an old friend of his whose interests are even more diverse than Mr. Jacobs's own. . . . **Roland Gelatt** is editor of *High Fidelity*. . . . **Alfred Kazin** is co-editor with his wife, Ann Birstein, of *The Works of Anne Frank* (Doubleday). . . . **F. W. Dupee,** a member of the faculty at Columbia, is the editor of *The Selected Letters of Charles Dickens* (Farrar, Straus and Cudahy). . . . **George Steiner** is a frequent contributor.

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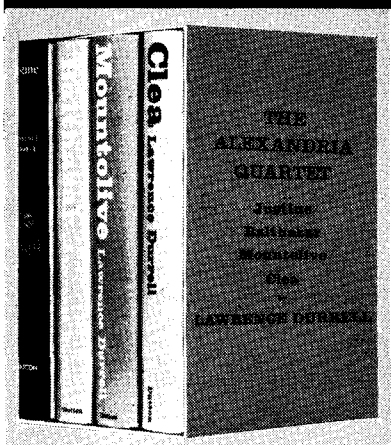

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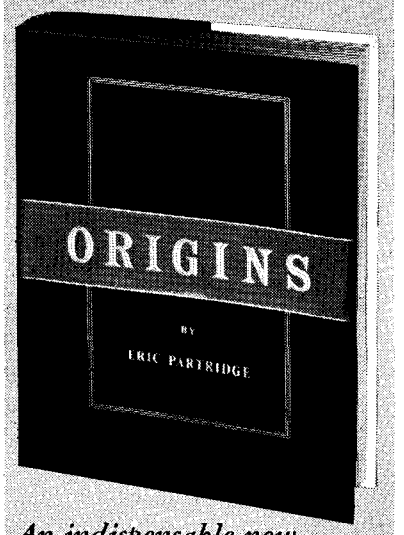

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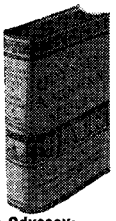

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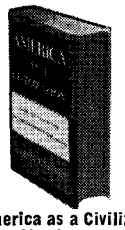

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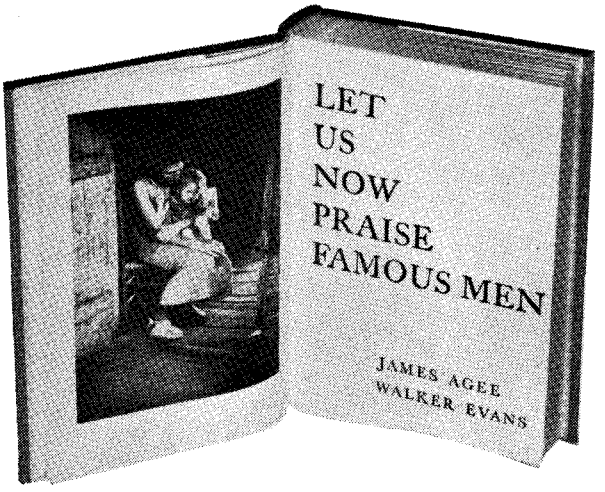

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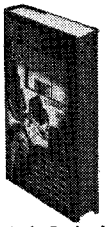

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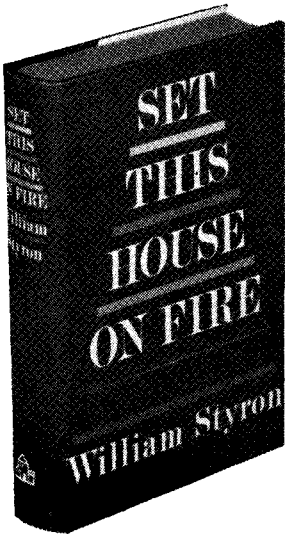

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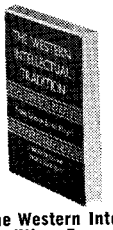

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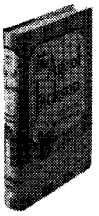

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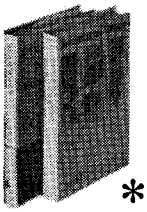

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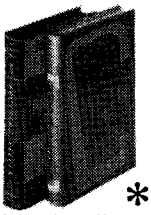

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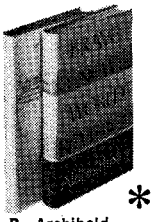

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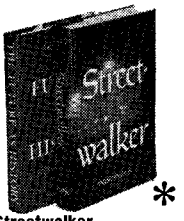

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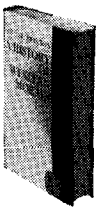

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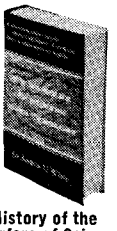

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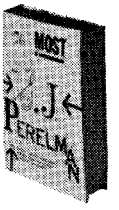

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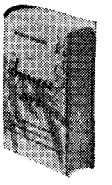

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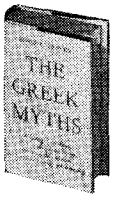

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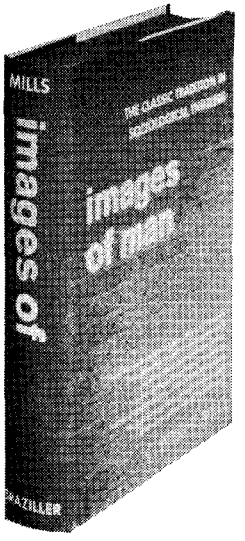

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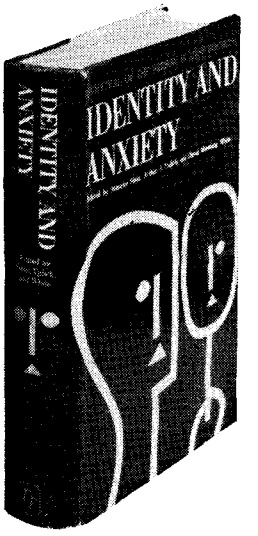

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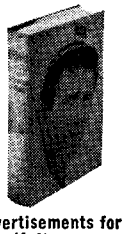

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THAT NIXON PROSE

To the Editor: I almost never write letters to the editors, but your issue of September 29 compels me to a note of admiration. The editorial was a persuasive statement of the very minimum reasons for supporting Kennedy as against Nixon, and for that reason should commend itself to independents and indecisive voters. Meg Greenfield's article on "The Prose of Richard M. Nixon" is a brilliant analysis of a turgid subject. It may well become a classic; it is unique in that it could equally well be reprinted in anthologies of political writing or of literary criticism. Miss Greenfield, by exposing the hollowness of the rhetoric, has performed a public service by suggesting the hollowness of the man.

CHARLES G. BOLTE
Riverside, Connecticut

To the Editor: Perhaps because I was a registered Republican until three years ago, I have looked forward to Nixon's campaigning with greater hope than my Democratic friends have.

Certainly, as an American, I have wanted to find excellence in both Presidential candidates. I have managed to find intelligence in both candidates.

My belief in Nixon's intelligence is strengthened by "The Prose of Richard M. Nixon." The nation's grievance is that his brains are used only to destroy, to twist, to evade, and to appease.

It is clear, from the fine prose of Meg Greenfield, that Nixon's intelligence is used only by a constant candidate for office, never by a candidate for trust.

LEAH MARKS
Greenwich, Connecticut

To the Editor: As an old subscriber, permit me to congratulate you on your editorial in the September 29 issue, and also on the Greenfield article.

When I listened to the first so-called debate, in which I considered that the senator made Nixon look very silly and ill at ease, I myself noticed the straw-man answer, entirely evading the issue and setting up a false premise.

P. B. RAWLEY
Rutherford, New Jersey

To the Editor: Your editorial is excellent. For the sake of "the listless public" and the world, I pray that Nixon is never elected President. The article on Nixon is a riot. Enclosed is my check for eight September 29 issues. I wish to send this article to some of my friends and family.

MARY SANDUSKY
Los Angeles

To the Editor: As a Kennedy supporter, I believe that Meg Greenfield's article on "The Prose of Richard M. Nixon" contains too many ideas and not enough facts. I believe that our Vice-President is cunning in his national politics and naïve in his international views, but I do not think he is the diabolical, confused, double-thinking double-talker this article makes him out to be. Surely an unqualified stand on any issue is less than an objective stand, and the majority of quotations used to back up the Greenfield thesis seem to be honest objections to pat answers to today's crucial social questions. Conservatism is not necessarily double-talk but, perhaps, overcautious awareness of the complexities of the world situation.

ROBERT G. DOLL
Newton Centre, Massachusetts

To the Editor: Magazines of opinion such as *The Reporter* perform the vital function of analysis which has been neglected by the press, radio, and television. The false cult of reportorial objectivity has resulted in the existence of such public personages as McCarthy and Nixon who use the printed and spoken word in an irresponsible and dangerous manner. It has been surprising to me how many thinking citizens have always been hard put to find concrete reasons for their antipathy to Mr. Nixon. Your article makes it crystal clear that the opportunistic, success-at-any-price, ever-new Nixon is always the old Nixon. This mature man of the moment has been on all sides of many issues, has no distinguishable position on others, and attempts to be all things to all people all of the time. Your fine article should leave no doubts in the mind of the readers that Mr. Nixon in his scrambling for position stands solidly in the quicksands of sheer opportunism.

ALBERT J. OESMAN, JR.
Pittsburgh

To the Editor: Even if I ever dreamed of voting for the Vice-President, the twisting, turning, devious, conniving mind of Richard M. Nixon, as laid bare in the devastating article by Meg Greenfield, would make that impossible.

So a salute to your editorial, "The Only Choice," declaring for Kennedy. *The Reporter* chooses good like *The Reporter* should.

ALLEN KLEIN
Mount Vernon, New York

To the Editor: How much money were you paid to have *The Reporter* endorse the Vatican stooge for the Presidency?

MARTIN M. MORRISON
Chicago

To the Editor: Please discontinue my subscription. This last issue, September 29, just makes me boil over. I am a farmer of past seventy years, a loyal citizen of the U.S., and have always

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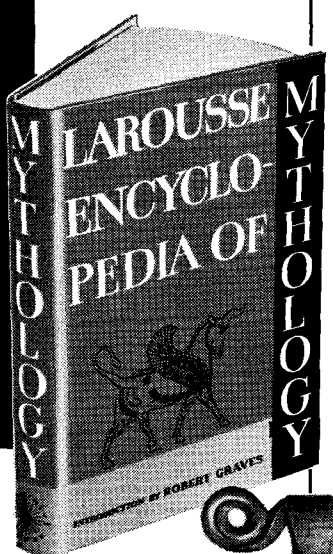

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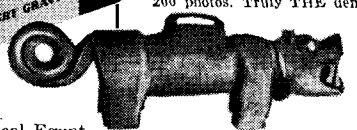

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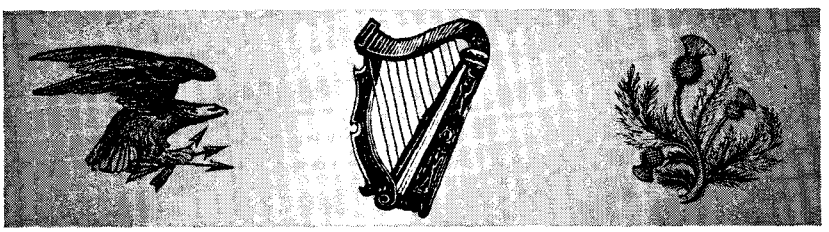

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stood for our government, first, last, and all the time. I am opposed to a millionaire and Catholic as President. No apologies either.

E. L. BROWN
Perry, Kansas

To the Editor: I wish to commend Meg Greenfield's excellent article. It was superbly organized and, in keeping with all your material, well written.

I still remember when during the last Presidential campaign Mr. Stevenson wished to discuss the possibility and necessity of stopping nuclear testing. Mr. Nixon's ridicule of such proposals and of Mr. Stevenson's knowledge and integrity doesn't hold up well in the light of what has happened since. The Russians proposed the cessation and we acceded, having had the initiative taken from us.

It seems to me that nothing can better point out Mr. Nixon's duplicity and irresponsibility than this.

WALTER GOODMAN
Belvedere, California

To the Editor: Thank you for the excellent article "The Prose of Richard M. Nixon." It sold out here in Los Angeles on the newsstands.

AL PREISS
Los Angeles

To the Editor: Many thanks for Meg Greenfield's article. She deserves the gratitude of all liberals for putting this mountebank's record in perspective.

GEORGE E. DELANY
Brighton, Massachusetts

To the Editor: It is fascinating to note how closely the Vice-President's subsequent speeches have followed the pattern so perceptively analyzed by Meg Greenfield. Having traveled with Senator Kennedy north, south, east, and west since Labor Day, I am more than ever convinced that we have a candidate who can arouse the kind of enthusiasm and sense of purpose the country needs.

MARGARET PRICE, Vice-Chairman
Democratic National Committee
Washington

To the Editor: I was glad to see you declaring yourself for Senator Kennedy and I particularly liked the tone and approach of the fine editorial in which you announced the decision. I suppose we have all had our doubts at one time or another about Kennedy; but something of dedication and stubborn integrity has come through to reassure us as the weeks of the campaign have progressed. As you put it: with him we have a chance. Actually, I think we have more than a chance.

Incidentally the piece on Mr. Nixon's prose, in the same issue, was a handsome and witty—and a very useful—analysis.

AUGUST HECKSCHER
New York

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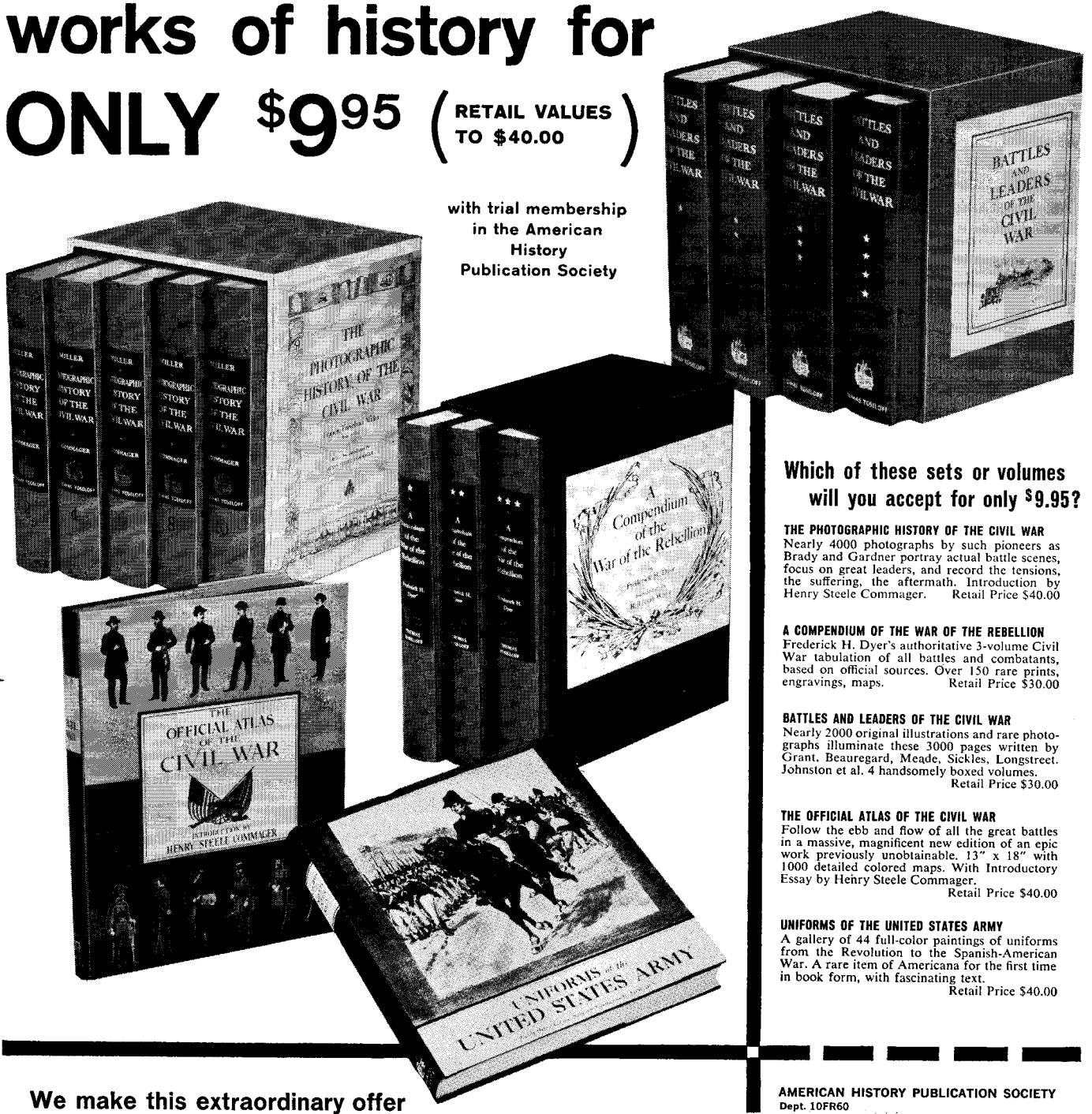
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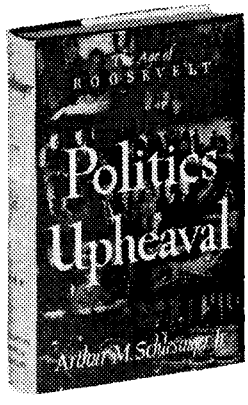

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Adult Education

The events of the last few weeks at the U.N. have given us a measure of what that world parliament called the General Assembly can do. The most amazing thing is that, irrespective of its mostly unenforceable pronouncements, it *can* do something, at least to the extent of improving the manners of the parliamentarians. Khrushchev's shoe-thumping made representatives of not overly democratic nations feel like veterans of Westminster. Such things just aren't done; even a rabble rouser or a tyrant must behave with some decency when he is attending sessions of a parliament to which he has been duly accredited. There was certainly no scarcity of rabble rousers or tyrants at that session of the General Assembly where Khrushchev misbehaved most grossly. But even the most hardened fellow travelers among them turned up their noses and made Khrushchev feel uncomfortable.

Yet as a parliament, the General Assembly could scarcely be less exemplary. It is crowded with representatives from rotten boroughs, coming from districts that have been gerrymandered to the point of insanity. And of course it doesn't represent peoples but governments, of which only a tiny minority can be called democratic—if we have any decent respect for the meaning of honorable names.

In spite of all this, this most unrepresentative body is a parliament. Its debates may reach the ultimate point of futility. Yet this collective body cannot possibly be disbanded. It can only, as it will, be improved upon. When Khrushchev suggested that it might meet in Moscow next time, he was playing on the safe assumption that his invitation would never be accepted. For he must know by now that even he could not possibly deal with this most unrepresentative of all parliaments the same way Lenin dealt with the duly elected Constituent Assembly of the Russian people.

He may sometimes have felt like a frustrated democrat, that most obstreperous ham actor—particularly considering that for all his atrocious manners, he has such an extraordinary knack for establishing a genial communication with any crowd. He might have remembered what Macmillan told him once: "Pity you don't have free elections in Moscow. You'd win them every time."

But it is too late for the old man, far too late. He cannot change himself or the order over which he rules—neither can he dream of changing or suppressing this parliament. We like to assume that all these points got across to him, and we sincerely hope that what he must have felt in New York will remain with him—and make him uncomfortable for the rest of his life.

Along for the Ride

Every day for four weeks reporters bumped into all six of them somewhere in the vast building of the U.N.—and kept wondering: why did they come?

Only Khrushchev knows the an-

AUTOMATION

Feed the query, hear the click,
Watch the twitching dials:
The IBMS of Jack and Dick
Are whirring through their trials.

See the answers rattle out,
Black against the white—
Cards are never gray for doubt
In a computer fight.

Lincoln, Douglas, under ground,
Weep to contemplate
How mechanically bound
Is the Great Debate.

—SEC

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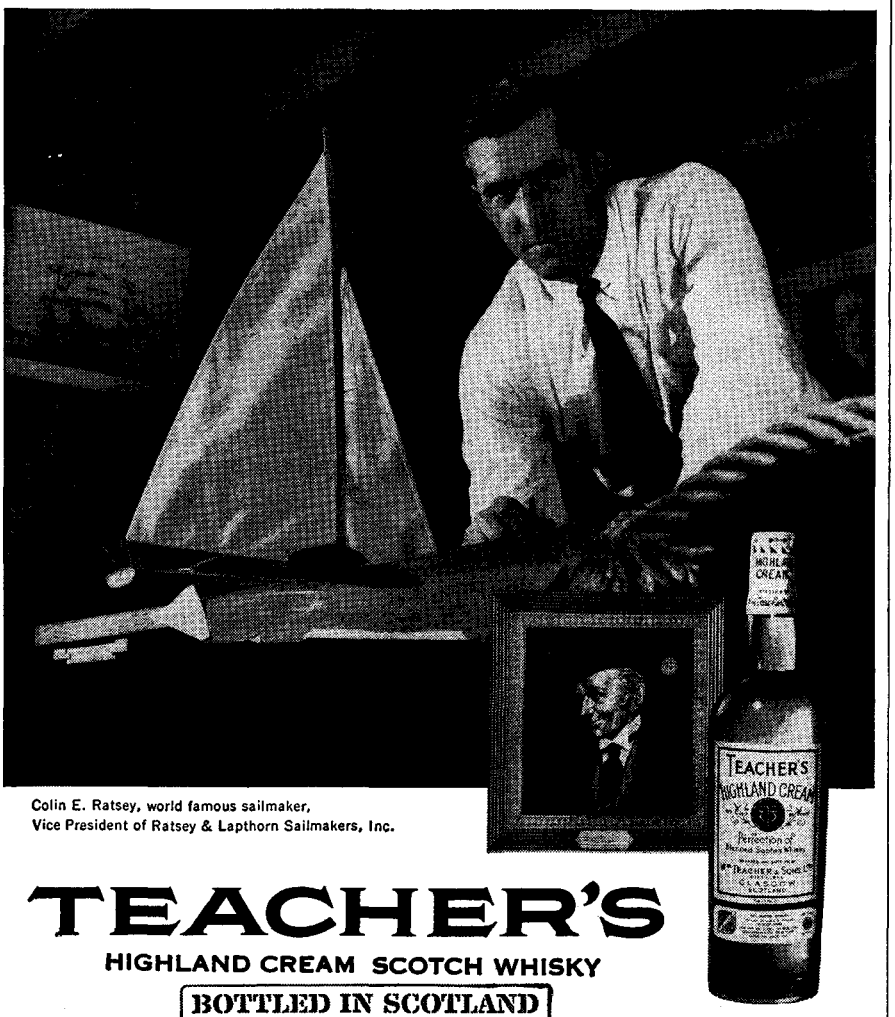

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swer. He was responsible for this red-star-studded parade of the six from the satellites. They were not heads of state or—with one exception—heads of government. They were more than that: first secretaries, a euphemism in the Communist vocabulary standing for undisputed boss. Each of the six delivered one speech, and that was more or less all they did. Was it worthwhile? Again you must ask Khrushchev.

The consensus among reporters is that their foreign ministers, most of them professional diplomats, would have made the speeches far better. But when Khrushchev ordered them to come along he did not know that so many heads of state or premiers from the so-called uncommitted and the western nations would heed his request for a mass summit in New York. The Russian at least wanted to be sure that his replicas in the Communist orbit would be present, an East European diplomat has explained.

The small group was well groomed and disciplined. While many western delegates were openly bored during Castro's four-hour tirade, the six sat motionless and listened attentively. So did the rotund boss of the Kremlin. Lenin preached discipline. The six have obviously learned their lesson.

Kadar of Hungary was the most pathetic phenomenon among them. This man, who had been jailed and tortured for years by his comrades, made no use of the earphones: he does not speak any of the official languages, not even Russian. An aide, sitting behind him, gave him a running account, whispering into his ear. Most papers missed the significance of the concluding phrases of Kadar's October 3 speech. The Hungarian, defending his role in crushing the 1956 revolt, became almost apologetic: "I personally have often been a target of attacks. . . . I am a worker. . . . Man can make mistakes and be in error. . . . I did what I had to do."

Refugee pickets plagued him. He pleaded with the New York police to drive the noisy pickets from Seventy-fifth Street because he said he couldn't sleep. Police explained that Americans living in the same street probably couldn't sleep either.

The Hungarian was restricted to Manhattan, and so was Albania's

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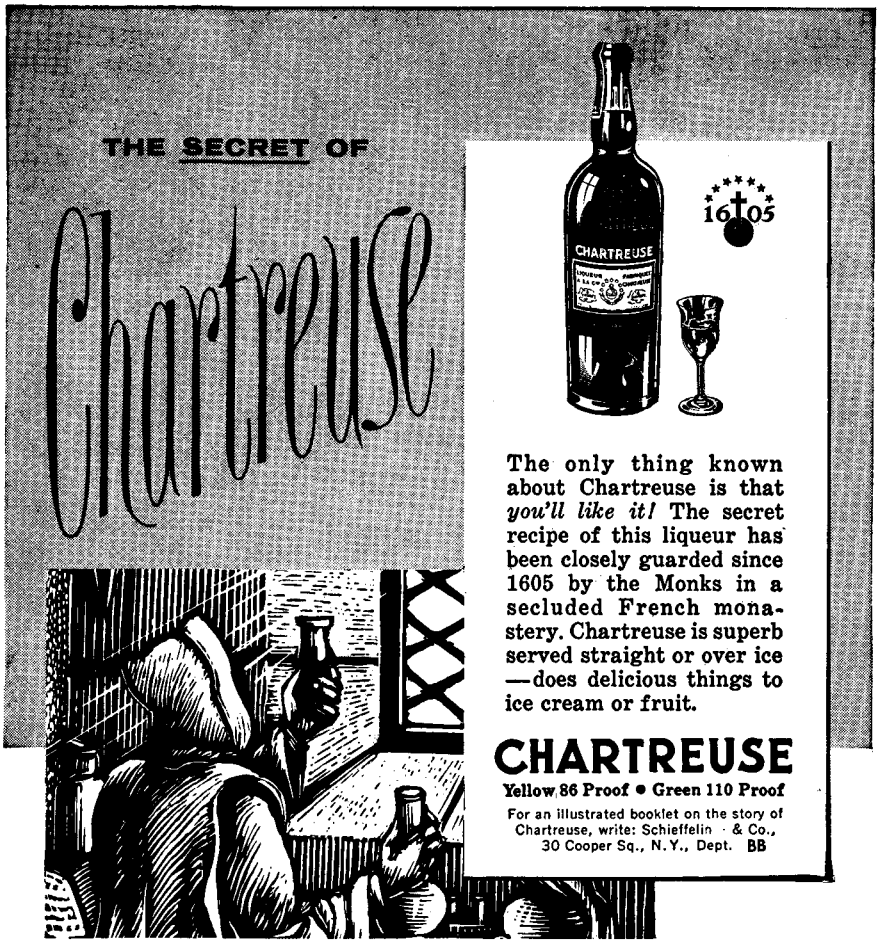
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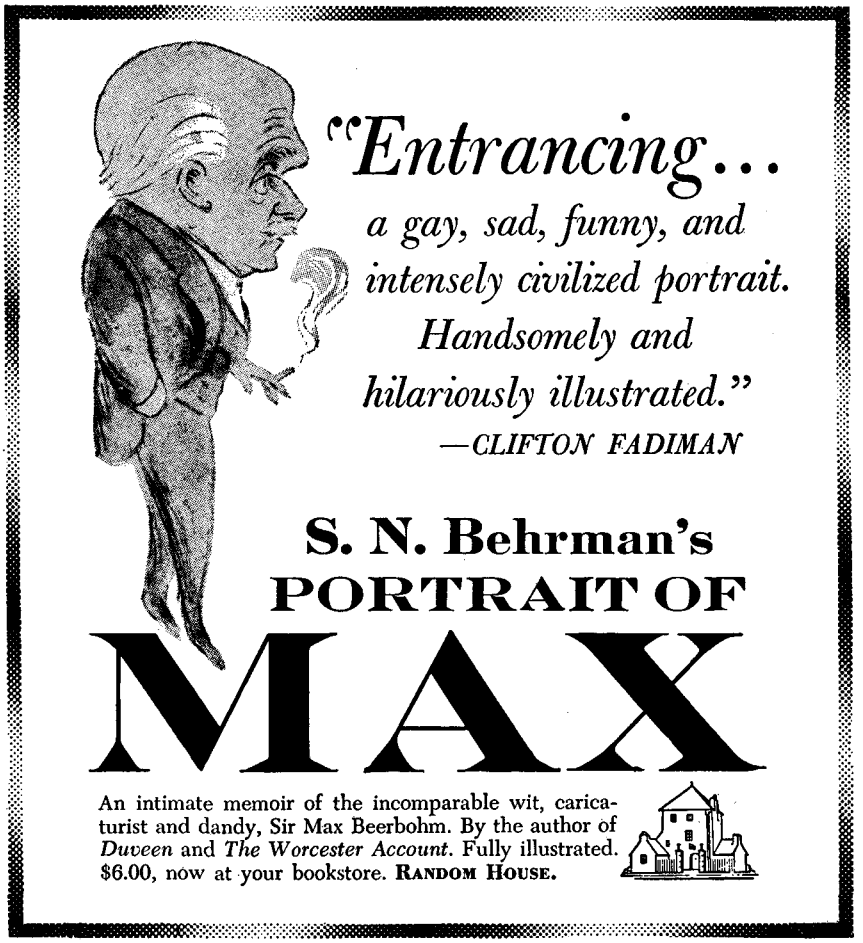
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Shehu. The others were allowed to move freely, but made little use of this privilege. It was a disciplined, but also a reserved, almost timid lot. Or were they ordered to stay away from the Babel in the lounges?

Khrushchev reserved for himself the task of courting the Africans, whether it was Nkrumah or a third secretary of Libya. He did the arm twisting in the Delegates' Lounge himself. It could not be just shyness that kept the others from following suit.

Gomulka was the exception. Khrushchev respected him. He was the only one of the six with whom the Russian had long private huddles—and Gomulka did most of the talking.

He was also the only one who had long private talks outside the group. He advised Castro, for instance, not to underestimate the power of the Catholic Church. The Cuban was startled. So were reporters.

Shehu was the black sheep. He is "only" a premier, and Communists at the U.N. privately called his tiny people's republic "the Pekingese of the Adriatic"—an obvious inference that Albania might be more attracted by Mao's doctrine than by Khrushchev's antics.

It was a strange group. Some of the aides were strange, too. Endre Sik, Kadar's foreign minister, is the brother of a Catholic monk, the former head of the Piarist Order. Janos Peter, the deputy foreign minister, is a former Calvinist bishop.

But why did they come?

The Underground Campaign

Presidential campaigning has always pushed House and Senate races into the background, but 1960 is a year of change. This time nobody wants to predict what effect the coat-tails will have, if any—and the Congressional campaigns are completely out of sight.

It is easy to understand the continuing national uninterest in the individual campaigns for the 437 House seats. Most of them will be devoted, as always, to local issues. When a Congressional candidate in West Virginia loses because of irregular garbage collections in Parkersburg (as once happened), or when a Florida Congressional campaign turns on the question of reapportion-

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ing the state legislature (as sometimes happens), Texans and Californians are not likely to become overwrought.

Yet there are reports from several states that some Congressional candidates are having trouble getting even the homefolks to concentrate on local problems. Chester Bowles went to Rapid City, South Dakota, carrying the expected speech on agriculture, and returned to Washington happily marveling that "They didn't want to hear about agriculture from me or anybody else; they wanted to know about our relations with the world."

We suspect that this deepening concern with international affairs together with the logistics of the Presidential campaigns is making more acute the plight of the Congressional candidate who is still trying to figure out the new attention span of his constituents. No sooner does he make a small dent with the usual neighborhood matters than Senator Kennedy flies in, late but ready with a foreshortened speech that whips up a world view. There is no recovering the focus on the home front before Nixon arrives to lead cheers for internationalists Pat and Ike (and for Quemoy, Matsu, clean language, and green, leafy vegetables). Kennedy boomerangs back through a week later, even further behind schedule but with an audience waiting in apparent eagerness to hear that life is going to be tough.

It would be nice to think of this as a process that may eventually elevate House elections by injecting cosmic concerns into them. But has a majority of the voters in each district really begun to feel that House races involve the salvation of the Free World rather than the choice of a smart fellow to fix local things in Washington? We doubt it, and expect that, come election night, interest will be limited as always to watching the election-night shifts of big chunks of party power—ten seats here, a dozen there—that add up to control of the House and help or hindrance for the new President. In that context, the Democratic margin is now so wide—280 Democrats and 151 Republicans (six vacancies)—that only a gigantic Nixon landslide could bring in a Republican House.

The lack of concern with the Senate elections is understandable but troublesome: understandable because the 66-34 majority and the number of races involving safe Democratic seats assure continued Democratic control of the Senate; troublesome because the outcome of seven races may be such as to force the next President to deal with a strengthened conservative coalition.

The Southern Democratic wing is certain to return to the Senate. If G.O.P. Senators Gordon Allott of Colorado, Andrew Schoeppel of Kansas, and Karl Mundt of South Dakota are re-elected, and if Democratic Senator J. Allen Frear of Delaware is also re-elected, the coalition may be as strong as it was in the last Congress. With the possible exception of Frear, all of them could lose, but only those liberals who put their faith in incantation believe that such a clean sweep is possible. Not only could they win but they could be joined in the Senate by Congressmen Keith Thomson of Wyoming and Alvin Bentley of Michigan, and former Congressman Orvin Fjare of Montana. Thomson has the best chance to win.

If five or six of these candidates are elected, the strengthened conservative cohorts could bedevil any program advanced by President Kennedy. And if President Nixon should offer the program he has promised, they would probably receive his private thanks for keeping him from doing what he doesn't want to do anyway.

Paging Dr. Freud

The pollsters are the busiest people around, next to the Presidential candidates, and in a way that's too bad. If they had the time, George Gallup and his colleagues could perform a public service by putting their cross-sectioning equipment to work on the psychiatrists. The question: When in the first television debate Vice-President Nixon tangled his tongue over whether we should get rid of the farmers or the surpluses and in the second debate skimmed right by the "not too important" people on Quemoy and Matsu, were those Freudian slips? Or is Mr. Nixon, like so many voters, simply undecided and confused?

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MAX ASCOLI

The Stakes in This Election

Two contests, each sufficient in itself to compel the attention of mankind, are going on concurrently: one at the United Nations for the rule of that organization and ultimately of the world, the other through the length and breadth of our land for the Presidency of the United States. The major acts and the memorable statements of the protagonists have been brought home to us—in every home where there is a TV set. Khrushchev's pudgy cheeks, his stubby fingers, and the powerful mimicry of his face are still very much in our minds. And even if he has gone we cannot take our eyes off the TV screen, for there is the "great debate" going on and we have got to watch the next President of the United States.

Sometimes one feels beat up and tired. Too much destiny is being packed all unraveled into a few short days. Some of the things we have seen and felt are just an anticipation of things to come. The enemy isn't going to relent in his pursuit of total conquest, using among his tools the advocacy of total disarmament or total decolonization. Ultimately he wants to colonize us. As a first step, he will be satisfied with wrecking our alliance.

Khrushchev has got away with most of his brutal lies unanswered. This has been partly the fault of the western governments, who did not succeed in reaching any adequate unity of action. But it must also be said that it is not within the power of civilized men to totally confound and disprove total lies. Only a Karl Marx could have told his ignorant disciple that the wretchedly poor masses of remote continents owed their awakening to their western colonizers, and that for these masses national independence is a precarious attempt at self-colonization.

Certainly the West has been voiceless at the United Nations; nobody has stood for the conscience of man—nobody except, perhaps, Dag Hammarskjöld. But he himself could speak only a very few words.

Now we can go on looking at and listening to the Presidential candidates, while they debate together or separately orate. It has not been an uplifting experience. Part of the fault may lie with the medium itself, for TV brings about a stultifying closeness to the image projected—a closeness paid for by passivity and muteness. This stultifying quality has been multiplied by the formula of the "great debate." Each candidate has a grant of immunity from interruption or contradiction by his opponent or by the questioners, particularly when he is the second to reply to the question that has been put.

The pace is fast, fast, fast, and anything goes. Later, some of the misstatements are denounced by a few—too few—newspaper writers or commentators; but the same audience cannot be reached again. The greater the flow of misstatement, the greater the impunity. The formula of the debates puts a premium on impudence.

On this premium, Vice-President Nixon has so far cashed in the most. We don't mean he has "won," for there cannot be any winner in this silly kind of show. But we do mean that Mr. Nixon has taken the most liberties with the truth, that he has used stunts and gimmicks of such a nature as to astonish even those who like ourselves have never had too high an opinion of him.

The list of the evidence is too well known, and too long, and too sickening to be here recounted. Let it be enough to mention the "eleven dictators" there were in South America "when we came in in 1953. Today there are only three left, including the one in Cuba. We think that's pretty good progress." He did not enumerate the eleven, nor did he say what the administration had done to oust nine of them. One was Pérez Jiménez of Venezuela, who had been awarded the Legion of Merit by our government shortly before being overthrown. Let's say no more.

The most extraordinary thing about Vice-President Nixon is his demagoguery. He counts on the unintelligence of the masses. Khrushchev, of course, is a much greater demagogue, ruthlessly dedicated to the verification of his beliefs. It is difficult to know what the beliefs of Mr. Nixon are. There is a nihilistic quality to his demagoguery. Most certainly he is not a conservative. There is room for conservatives in our country, men with faith in the traditions they want to strengthen. Mr. Nixon is not one of them.

These are painful things to say. When a man is running for the Presidency, he should be provisionally considered with some of the respect that is due to the President of the United States. But the more the campaign goes on, the stronger the conviction grows that Mr. Nixon's way of pursuing the Presidency disqualifies him for the office he seeks.

Of this situation, Jack Kennedy is more the victim than the beneficiary, for in our opinion he is not a candidate but the only candidate, and this may induce a number of befuddled voters to lose interest in the election. This must not happen. To what has been going on at the United Nations, the West could find no answer. But to Mr. Nixon's demagoguery, Americans have the right answer available on Tuesday, November eighth.

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En Route with the Candidates

DOUGLASS CATER

FOR THE REPORTER who goes along on the wearisome campaign treks with the candidates, the uneasy thought now and then occurs that maybe he is getting obsolete. He hurries aboard the crowded press plane—a flying chicken coop, one columnist calls it—to make the ever lengthening hops between the ever briefer prop stops. During the TV confrontations, he huddles around the television set to hear the familiar arguments presented directly to the millions. When he is not bored, the reporter feels futile.

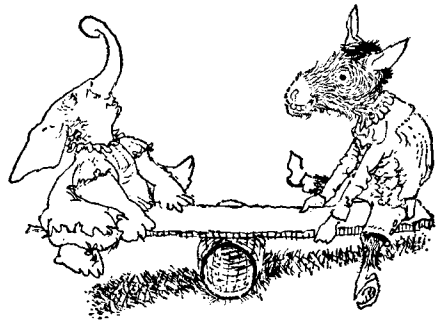
In many ways the two campaigns are very much alike. Neither candidate pays much attention to the mass of material churned up by his staff; each regularly casts aside the prepared texts that have been handed to the press with the assurance that they are valid even if undelivered. Each sticks pretty much to a basic speech, which is continually being tinkered with although certain ideas and even certain phrases remain constant week after week, month after month.

Both caravans function with the same crisp efficiency. Both have capable corps of genial young assistants who share similar fanaticisms about their bosses. Both Nixon and Kennedy, as if oblivious to the changes wrought by television, pursue their travels relentlessly from sunup until far into the night.

HAS TRADITIONAL campaign coverage been outmoded along with the traditional campaign itself? Maybe, but at least this time the case has not yet been proved. In the monotonous repetitions of the candidates on tour, much more than in the rigid format of the television performances, certain things become clear. There *are* valid comparisons to be made between the two young men who are thought by many to be very much alike.

Partly it is a matter of style. On the platform Kennedy represents a new departure in Presidential politicking. He stubbornly resists the traditional flourishes. In his every gesture there is understatement, almost an indifference to the customary wiles of the politician. He never pays the usual fawning lip service to local leaders and localities. There are no applause triggers in his speeches. He delivers them with a terseness and at a clip that all but ignores the crowd's right to respond. He ends so abruptly that frequently he has returned to his seat before anyone is aware that he is finished.

Kennedy has come a long way since he first began his relentless drive for the Presidency. For one thing, with the help of coaches he is beginning to master the art of projecting his



voice so that it has lost some of its shrill, grating quality. On occasion he is now capable of humor, as when he bantered with a Cincinnati street crowd on the proper way to pronounce their city's name. There is still an unfinished quality about his oratory. But for brief moments, mainly during the gigantic outside rallies, he has achieved an eloquence that is distinctively his own.

It goes beyond style. Kennedy is a loner in politics. It is often just plain boring to campaign with him and there are signs that he himself gets somewhat bored with what he is saying. But he has clung stubbornly to his own identity against the conflicting advice of those who would reshape him to suit their own patterns.

Compare Nixon on the stump. He too does not fit any familiar pattern. Yet his style, away from the restricting formula of the television debates, is not altogether new. It is rather an artful blend of the old-time evangelist and the TV commercial announcer. He seems to be making a constant effort to sound sincere.

The Salesman

But it is a contrived sincerity that is a far cry from the earnest conviction he has been able to communicate from time to time. A good many reporters have been greatly impressed during the private audiences held by the Vice-President these past few years. They found that he had a quiet and retentive mind, a habit of going right to the heart of the matter, and a way of describing complicated problems in simple, direct, persuasive language. Many of them fail to recognize the same man on the stump.

Nixon, too, appears very much alone amid all the hubbub. But he is a loner who is always trying to glimpse his image reflected in the faces around him. He has none of Kennedy's indifference to the way the crowd reacts. Nixon plays to the crowd, and the more unresponsive he discovers the crowd to be, the harder he plays.

He has no qualms about talking down to his audiences. ("Now I want you to judge what I say this evening by a different standard than might have occurred to you. Judge what I have to say by what is best for America . . .") He can switch to a straight pitchman's posture without a blink of the eye. ("Look behind the label. See if it's the kind of goods you want to buy.") His boasts for his party and his country are models of Rotarianism. ("We not only talk a good game. We play a good game." "We've got the secret for progress." "This isn't a perfect country—no, but it's just the best country on earth, that's all." And finally, "If you

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think the United States has stood still, who built the largest shopping center in the world?")

He reduces foreign affairs to locker-room pep talk. ("As far as prestige is concerned, I point to a vote in the United Nations. . . . The Russians were on one side and we were on the other side. How many votes did they get? None. How many votes did we get? Seventy. Seventy to nothing is a pretty good score in any football game.") He has not hesitated to lay down exuberant and dogmatic positions about defending Quemoy and Matsu and operations like the U-2 flights that could return to hound him if he ever became President. At times the rhetoric seems to run away with the man.

Invariably, at the climax the voice takes on a special throb. There is the earnest exhortation to his followers about what they must do ("I'm asking you to strengthen the moral and spiritual fiber of our country"), followed by a closing admonition in the best tradition of the soul savers. ("Now you have a choice. And I say that if you believe and only if you believe, get out and work for America as you have never worked before.")

WHEREAS Kennedy hammers on a particular point with almost monotonous consistency, there is a St. Vitus' dance quality in Nixon's elaboration of an argument. It moves forward and backward from speech to speech. On the matter of Democratic spending, for example, he announced one day that he had cost-accounted the opposition party's platform and found that it would run between $14 to $18 billion over present expenditures. It seemed like a legitimate argument to use, even though the Democrats might be expected to disagree rather violently with the figures. But two days later, Nixon had twisted his case all out of focus. "It is hard to fight an opponent," he declared, "when he says he is going to spend $14 to $18 billion more than you are." Queried afterward by reporters, Nixon restored the argument to its original form.

A number of difficulties beset reporters on the Nixon trail. They must never stop straining their ears to catch variations of a well-known theme. Over and over they have to make sure about the particulars of the Vice-President's charges. They can never be certain whether a new assault is part of the calculated stepping up of the campaign or simply a passing impetuosity.

Quite early Nixon consigned Kennedy to the camp of the special interests, quoting him as telling a Labor Day rally, ". . . what the American labor movement wants for America, I want for America and what the American labor movement opposes, I oppose." It turned out that the Kennedy statement Nixon purported to be quoting had actually been: "For I know that the American labor movement wants for America what I want for America. . ." And Kennedy had gone on to spell out their common interest in broad social objectives.

Confronted with the actual text, Nixon admitted that he had gotten his own version from a newspaper columnist, but added, ". . . if Senator Kennedy feels that he was misquoted, he should indicate first where he does disagree with the position of the labor leaders, particularly of the CIO-AFL, who have endorsed him. I stand on what I said because I would only rely on the reports of what I considered to be responsible newsmen covering him. . . ."

Any Resemblance . . .

Nixon has not shown such a generous attitude toward the difficulties of the reporters who have been covering him. In late September his press secretary, Herbert Klein, issued a special memorandum to editors denying that the Vice-President had called for a moratorium on criticism of U.S. foreign policy or that he had questioned Kennedy's patriotism. "Both charges are false," the memorandum stated, "but unfortunately they have been reprinted often enough that some news reports have included them as fact."

Klein failed to mention that the origin of the news stories about a moratorium had been Nixon's speech in Flint, Michigan, when he called on his opponents to avoid "statements which tend to divide America, which tend to disparage America, and which in any way would encourage Chairman Khrushchev . . ." Only later, after the moratorium stories began to appear in print, did Nixon tell a news conference the Democrats had a "perfect right" to offer criticisms. "I suggest, however, that when they do criticize, they at the same time should emphasize the strengths of America."

Nixon himself had a perfect right to deny that he had questioned Kennedy's patriotism. What he had done in speech after speech was to say what he thought about "some people" who believed the President should have apologized or expressed regrets to Khrushchev over the U-2 incident. The resemblance between Kennedy and these "some people" was purely coincidental. What Kennedy had actually said last May was: "If he [Khrushchev] had merely asked that the United States should express regret, then that would have been a reasonable term. To say we should try those involved quite obviously meant that he wanted to break it [the summit conference] up and we had no alternative but to let him do so."

But Nixon kept adding to his reply to what "some people," were saying. In his September 21 speech in Louisville, he claimed once again that "no President . . . can ever express regrets for attempting to defend this country against surprise attack." Then he declared that when you're dealing with a dictator you must never make concessions without getting something in return. "It is the road to surrender or even to war." Did he mean Kennedy was espousing a surrender policy? reporters asked later. "Absolutely not," he replied. "Mr. Kennedy didn't know what he was espousing. That was the trouble."

AFTER the flurry of news stories greeting this outburst, an uncertain quietness settled on the Nixon camp. Referring to the episode a short time later, Kennedy told this reporter, "You can credit the working press with scaring Nixon off the line that I was in favor of 'war or surrender.'" Judging by later developments, Kennedy was a bit premature in his conclusion. But the episode did have one effect: it scared Nixon off his practice of holding regular press conferences with the reporters accompanying him.

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The Margin of Victory

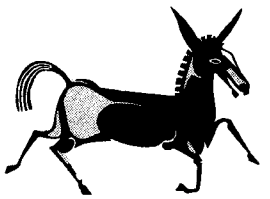
WILLIAM L. RIVERS

If the pell-mell race across the national stage allowed time for reflection, Vice-President Richard Nixon and Senator John Kennedy might reach a sobering conclusion: their maximum exposure may be less decisive than the relatively quiet efforts of their supporters to register new voters and take them to the polls. Unlike the traditional scattershot "Get Out the Vote" drives, the current campaigns are shrewdly designed to get out the *right* vote.

One of the chief lieutenants of the Republican Campaign Manager began urging with some desperation early in October that the entire National Committee machinery, except for the Nixon entourage, be turned over to the register-and-vote organization. There are reasons for Republican concern, and they mount almost every time a state closes its registration rolls and tots up the figures: many important states are reporting significant increases in the Democratic ranks.

In Southern California, Democratic registrations lead in every county for the first time in history and, significantly, Vice-President Nixon abandoned his plan of making spot forays into the key centers of population there in favor of four days of intensive stumping. Santa Barbara and Orange Counties have been Republican for generations, but house-to-house canvassing for new registrants has turned both to the Democrats. The Viva Kennedy Clubs have registered more than a hundred thousand new Spanish-speaking Democrats, and now the Democratic Party leads in Los Angeles County by 1,700,000 to 1,100,000. Although Californians often cross political lines, they have done so less frequently in recent years, and the new Democratic margin over the Republicans, nearly one and a half million, is so decisive that *Newsweek* has given Kennedy the lead in California.

Time, which has never been noted for offering aid and comfort to the Democrats, has not only conceded that "Nixon's claim to California is . . . shaky"; it has also conceded that the Democratic national drive to register ten million new voters by election day had reached 8,500,000 by early October. This reflects registration reports from big cities in the pivotal states where the Democratic register-and-vote campaigns are centered. In Pennsylvania, which like California has thirty-two electoral votes, the new voters are Democrats by nearly five to three in the Pittsburgh and Johnstown areas, and Philadelphia has been registering Democrats over Republicans by more than two to one. As a result, Pennsylvania Democrats outnumber Republicans for the first time in history (as is true, too, of Connecticut). Registration has been so heavy in Ohio, with 132,000 new voters in Cleveland and 74,000 in the Cincinnati area, that Democratic Governor



Mike DiSalle predicts that Kennedy will carry the state and its twenty-five electoral votes by 150,000.

The Voter on the Hearth

Given the strong organization that has been set up, the Democratic campaign for new voters could hardly fail; political scientists have been reporting for decades that most non-voters are located primarily in areas of the greatest Democratic strength. Moving in on the obvious opportunity—one that the Democratic National Committee has almost always left largely, and unwisely, to the state and county chairmen—is another evidence of the Kennedy penchant for planning big and looking ahead. The register-and-vote campaign was devised before the Democratic national convention, announced only a few hours after it, and was well under way late in July. In August, an overseas representative began flushing the Kennedy voters out of the barracks in Europe.

The Democratic National Voters' Registration Committee is headed by Representative Frank Thompson, Jr., of Trenton, New Jersey. After studying statistics showing that ninety percent of those who register will also vote, he has been directing relentless door-to-door canvasses designed to find the Democrats and get them on the rolls. Thompson ran a pilot project in one section of Baltimore in August that found nearly nine thousand who were not registered, almost eight thousand of them Democrats or independents. Building on this model, which minimizes the chance of finding Republicans by a careful choice of precincts, Thompson demonstrated that the decision in such states as California, Kentucky, and Florida can be rendered at least doubtful by careful cultivation of the right potential voters. In San Francisco County, which went to President Eisenhower by twelve thousand votes in 1956, the campaign registered twenty thousand new Democratic voters. When registration books were closed in the Louisville area in September, Democratic registration was up to a record 172,000. In Miami, which Eisenhower took by twenty-five thousand votes in 1956, fifty thousand new voters, most of them Democrats, were registered.

It is difficult to distinguish the successes of Thompson's National Voters' Registration Committee from the similar effort of an AFL-CIO special group called the Citizens Non-Partisan Registration Committee, which is sometimes working nearby territory. They have set up liaison to avoid getting in each other's way—a liaison that is assured of harmony by the fact that Walter Reuther's brother Roy is Thompson's deputy. Carl McPeak, who led labor's generally successful campaign against right-to-work laws and their champions in 1958, heads the AFL-CIO committee, which is spending $500,000 in twenty-two states. McPeak emphasizes that "This is a special non-partisan effort, one that will help the cause of good government, but I don't hesitate to admit to you that we're working the lower-middle and

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working-class areas to get out a vote that will support liberal candidates," and he recites with relish the registration figures that show the Democrats are leading. His committee's workers, most of them union members and their wives, are using every method from supplying baby-sitting service to staging parades, but the core of the operation is a "telephone workshop" system that usually has women dialing numbers in the target neighborhoods, then putting on a twenty- or thirty-second recording of the voice of AFL-CIO President George Meany urging the listener to register and vote. "It's one union member talking to another," McPeak explains.

The effect of the AFL-CIO registration effort may be measured by protests from the Republicans. When McPeak sent $20,000 to the Indiana AFL-CIO to be spent in thirteen pivotal counties, the Republican State Committee resolved that it "stands in amazement and shock at the open admission on the part of the union triumvirate of George Meany, Walter Reuther, and Dallas Sells of the use of union funds for the purpose of influencing the election of candidates of their personal choice."

COPE's Horror Movie

It is more difficult to determine what share of the success of the Democratic registration campaign is attributable to the AFL-CIO Committee on Political Education (known in abbreviation as COPE), which is running another $500,000 register-and-vote drive through its regional offices and which takes care not to cross wires with Thompson's committee or with the special AFL-CIO committee under McPeak. It is apparent, however, that COPE, a familiar enemy, is the most feared among the Republicans. Most Republican references to all the Democratic efforts are expressed in terms of "what COPE is doing." The Republican National Committee obtained a print of a COPE training film, *The Wisconsin Story,* and it is shown to Republican workers as a horror movie.

"We frighten our people into working hard by showing them the COPE film, and the Democrats frighten their people with our National Association of Manufacturers film," a Republican official said. "Only," he added, "the N.A.M. picture isn't very frightening."

It is true that only the most laggard Democrat would be disturbed by the N.A.M. picture, but it is easy to understand why *The Wisconsin Story* frightens Republicans. It is a twenty-seven-minute blueprint for labor effectiveness in politics, full of technical pointers and arrestingly filmed and narrated. Drawn from COPE's tightly organized success in the 1958 Wisconsin elections, it is being used to show how union manpower can defeat money in elections by studying ward and precinct voting records to locate labor's supporters for a saturation canvass of homes in areas that have traditionally supported labor's friends (with union members registering potential voters in their homes where that is legal), and by developing elaborate and inclusive card files to be used by operators from the Telephone Workers Union on a special telephone system rigged by specialists who are members of the Communications Workers of America.

Against this array, the Republican effort is not awe-inspiring. Some Republicans are even convinced that the campaigns by Gulf, Ford, General Electric, and the other big companies that have established large public-affairs programs to interest their employees in politics are now working in reverse. A Republican official commented, "Yeah, those new public-affairs people are doing a great job—they're registering eighty per cent Democrats." Complaints about "naïve businessmen" have become stock fare at the Republican National Committee, although there are indications of an awakening. A Midwestern company official discovered that he was pushing the registration of more Democrats than Republicans and set about rectifying the error by working the areas that went heavily for Eisenhower in 1956. The *Wall Street Journal* recently quoted a utility company executive who thinks he knows his men well enough to be certain that he is not wasting his effort in a nonpartisan way: "Put it this way. Management here is Republican, and I dare say most of the supervisors are Republican, too. So when we urge people to register you can be pretty sure we have a good idea that the majority will vote the same way we do."

THE OFFICIAL Republican register-and-vote effort is directed by John Stiles, who depends largely on the state and county chairmen to get the vote out in the usual fashion, but who also has a small field force that sets up telephone workshops in the 500-odd counties that went to Eisenhower by at least two to one in 1956. Stiles persuaded Republican leaders during the Democratic and Republican Presidential primaries in Indiana that telephones are the G.O.P.'s salvation. Private polls were showing that Kennedy might draw 50,000 more votes in the Democratic primary than Nixon would get in the Republican primary. Afraid that a massive open effort with the 6,500 workers Stiles said he needed would be bad psychologically if Nixon's vote did not top Kennedy's, the Republican leaders told Stiles that he would have to set up his operation in secret. He did—once crawling out the window of a Republican headquarters office to avoid recognition by a New York *Times* reporter—and Nixon's vote topped Kennedy's. The telephone workshops were in the campaign.

Stiles's field men carry manuals, scripts for those who will do the telephoning, and explicit instructions for encouraging a big Republican vote. There are some variations because local party leaders are often touchy about taking orders from Washington. In Oregon, the Republicans debated whether people who were to be called and urged to register should be asked which party or which Presidential candidate they preferred. There was strong sentiment for posing the question on the candidates; surely, some who might want to register as Democrats would vote for Nixon. However, strong supporters of Governor Mark Hatfield—who needs a staunch Republican Party long after the national election—suggested that the governor would not take kindly to a Republican campaign that put Democrats on the Oregon registration rolls: the Republican register-and-vote campaign in Oregon registered Republicans.

Not surprisingly, both Democratic and Republican registration workers have developed techniques that were not foreseen by legislators when the

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election laws were passed. In some states with mobile registration units, a unit follows a party worker, known as a "beater," through residential areas. The beater knocks on each door in a search for residents who will register as members of his party. When he finds one, he marks the sidewalk in front of the house and moves on. The mobile unit stops at each "X." In states that do not allow such highly selective registration, mobile units are often driven to neighborhoods that are likely to yield the maximum number of voters of the proper persuasion.

Late Returns from Rio

The Democrats are jubilant over the results of their registration campaigns, but the increases should not be added to the natural Democratic advantage in voter registrations. That advantage may be, and probably always has been, a bit deceptive. State residence requirements for voting, coupled with the high rate of mobility in the occupation and income classes that customarily support the Democrats, suggest that the advantage is illusory. Census Bureau studies have been showing for twenty years that one-fifth of American people move continually. It is a changing one-fifth, of course—not even one in fifty adults has always lived in the same house—and not all of those who have moved recently left the precinct, the county, or the state where their registrations are good. But millions have made moves that will make it impossible for them to vote because of residence requirements. More important in an assessment of the Democratic advantage over the Republicans, those who move relatively often may still be registered in two or three places. Despite efforts to clear the deadwood from registration rolls, most names linger there for years.

It is nonetheless evident that the new Democrats will far outnumber the new Republicans on November 8, a fact that may be responsible for the establishment of Republican campaign offices in Europe and South America. The G.O.P. is working hard for the absentee ballots of nearly two million servicemen and businessmen overseas, perhaps on the theory that in a close election the Rio de Janeiro vote will be decisive.

Candidate from the U.N.

MARYA MANNES

In that greatest Western of them all—the frontier fight between East and West—the saloon is made of glass instead of wood, the bar is a curved table, and the battle between the good guys and the bad guys is joined with words instead of bullets. Otherwise, as long as Henry Cabot Lodge was our U.N. ambassador, the pattern held. The bad guys were, as they are, belligerent, surly, and inclined to be short; the good guy was tall and handsome and stern and calm. And when the bad guys opened fire, quick as a wink the good guy shot from the hip.

In Henry Cabot Lodge, the American people have had a hero so exactly tailored to their dreams that no script writer could have improved on him. His virtues have been evident and his failings assets. Both virtues and failings gave that sense of security which Americans prefer to the hazards of original vision.

An American Heritage

Physically Cabot Lodge is a splendid figure of a man, the result of what used (before egalitarian days) to be called good stock, childhood summers on the bracing shore of Nahant, Mass., the captaincy of his class crew at Harvard, and vacations now spent sailing with his sons. At fifty-eight he still has the balanced tension of an athlete and the flush of full vigor. In the United Nations General Assembly, where the great majority of delegates are either small and brown or small and sallow or delicately European, Lodge reminded one a little of a vanishing breed of great animals who, because of their very size, are vulnerable to the speed and flexibility of smaller species. Now, carrying into the campaign the image of defiance he built up at the U.N., he still looks the superior man, and his physique removes whatever stigma his cultural attributes might, in American eyes, bestow on him. People do not mind that he can speak four languages, that he graduated *cum laude* from Harvard, that he delighted to act in French at the Cercle Français, as indeed two winters in French schools had equipped him to, and that his syntax, spoken or written, is faultless. Several postgraduation years as a reporter on the old Boston *Transcript* and subsequently on the New York *Herald Tribune* stood him in good stead, immunizing him early to the verbiage and florid rhetoric that thirteen years in the Senate might otherwise have produced. It is the naturalness and directness of his language, in fact, that has endeared him to most Americans, bored and irked by the diplomatic circumlocutions that curdle so many U.N. debates. The good guy, they say, talks straight.

Most Americans prefer "the hard way up," and in other men aristocracy of birth and breeding might alienate them from the general public. But his countrymen do not mind that Ambassador Lodge is a gentleman with no financial worries, at ease in white tie and tails, relaxed in high company, taking active pleasure in the social amenities. The Cabots and Frelinghuysens and Davises and Lodges whose blood he bears were in the high tradition of American public service, and it is not even held against him that his father, George Cabot Lodge, was a poet. "Bay" Lodge was, to his devoted friend Henry Adams, "the best and finest product of my times and hopes." The aristocracy of "Bay's" son is acceptable, again, because the bigness of his frame, the thrust of his jaw, the bluntness of his speech, and the heartiness of his laughter belie effeteness or affectation. Any man who can get up at a party and sing "She's a Personal Friend of Mine" in English, French, Spanish, German, and sometimes Arabic, must be a regular, if gifted, guy. Even the tactlessness that has often affronted those who are not his friends and made many fellow delegates at the United Nations wince or worry is no handicap to Americans suspicious of the civilities. Let other nations use them for deception; we like our heroes straight.

"Many have pointed out," wrote

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John Mason Brown in *Through These Men,* "the irony of having the United States represented at the 'new League' by the grandson and namesake of the man who in the popular mind is supposed to have done most to keep us out of the old League. The real irony lies elsewhere. It is to be found in the U.N. charter. It was presented to the Senate unattached to any treaty, and its provisions include equivalents of some of the reservations which created such bitterness when Lodge proposed them." The shadow of the elder Lodge and Article X has been, in a sense, the younger Lodge's greatest asset. For in an acute and superior form, Cabot Lodge has paced the march of most Americans from isolationism to internationalism, walking only imperceptibly ahead, keeping time with the slowest. Through 1939, when he cast an isolationist vote against amending the Neutrality Act, the influence of his brilliant grandfather held him in thrall. Much of what he had learned about life and politics and history and strategy was at the old man's feet; and the two Lodges, doubly close because of "Bay's" early death, were dedicated nationalists, convinced that Europe's wars were not ours.

THE great majority of Americans shared this conviction. Although this miscalculation may have cost us all our ensuing—and continuing—disasters, the onus of popular blame has lain not on the isolationists but on the premature internationalists. Lodge would not today be a national figure of trust if he had pressed for action in the Spanish Civil War or demanded intervention in Hitler's 1930's. In the public mind, internationalism meant at the least disloyalty and at the worst Communism. It took Cabot Lodge until 1940, and many of his countrymen until 1941, to realize that the world's destiny and ours were common. It is largely because of this joint awakening that in his eight years as ambassador to the United Nations from 1953 to 1960, Lodge convinced most of his countrymen that the United Nations is, in his own words, "the world's greatest adventure in building collective strength," and, in the President's, "man's best organized hope to substitute the conference table for the battlefield." He has convinced them because he had to convince himself, because he was of his time and not ahead of his time, and because he arrived at this conviction the hard, American way.

At the beginning of the Second World War, Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., said: "The war in Europe is not our

fight. If the British and French empires cannot stand without our help, they deserve to fall." Three years later he flew to Libya to fight with the British forces and saw rough action as a major of an American tank detachment under British General Auchinleck before he was ordered back to Washington to resume his senatorial duties. But even after re-election to the Senate in 1942, Lodge could not detach himself from the greater conflict. He soon resigned from the Senate, against that body's strong opposition, to serve in Italy, France, and Germany, returning home with the Bronze Star for Bravery, the Legion of Merit, the Legion of Honor, and the Croix de Guerre (with palm). More than these—infinitely more—was the fact that, as John Mason Brown wrote, "The Lodge who came back and was elected for the Senate for the third time in 1946 was not the Lodge who had gone overseas." Again, the American hero derives his beliefs not from reflection but from action. The good guy punches first and thinks afterwards.

And yet Lodge is a tactician and a strategist, an eminently practical man who can calculate a grin as coolly as a policy. Certainly it was natural to him as a proud and honest American to react immediately and indignantly to Soviet slander and distortion. But his impromptu rebuttals were also part of a consistent policy. As *Time* magazine wrote, "Ambassador Lodge, onetime newsman, makes a point of replying to Russian attacks promptly so as to get the U.S. answer into the same wire-service story that carries the Russian charge around the world."

Infighting

He satisfied national honor and the interests of truth not only quickly but in terms Americans could relish. During the Hungarian rebellion in 1956, Lodge answered a Soviet barrage against the United States by saying that we were eager to get food into Hungarian stomachs instead of Soviet bullets. At a Security Council meeting that same year, Soviet delegate Tsarapkin was seeking to be recognized. "For what purpose does the gentleman from the Soviet Union seek the floor?" asked Mr. Lodge. Furiously, Tsarapkin bellowed, "I'm not a gentleman; I'm a delegate!" To which Mr. Lodge gave what the New York *Times* called the "Back Bay, or codfish, deep freeze": "I had hoped that the two were not mutually exclusive."

For most of the time, however, Mr. Lodge's retorts consisted of point-by-point refutations of Soviet charges, followed by a set of American charges against Soviet conduct and policy. The only time he indulged in what some considered histrionics was when, last May, he countered Soviet charges on the U-2 incident by producing a bugged model of the Great Seal of the United States, showing the concealed microphone which transmitted American embassy conversations in Moscow during Averell Harriman's tenure. It impressed sophisticated observers as being more amateur-theater than impressive, but it went over big on TV.

Now that he has left the U.N. to campaign for the Vice-Presidency and his party, Lodge has behind him a remarkable record of public

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service beyond domestic politics. Certainly the image is now firmly fixed in the American mind of a statesman who not only knows the score but is ready to fight for it, whose internationalism—practical rather than visionary—will always be in the national interest.

"Over the years," he wrote about the United Nations in a farewell message, "the United States has invested in all the activities and programs of the United Nations what amounts to no more than a crumb from our national table. It comes to about sixty-seven cents a year for every American—less than the price of a good breakfast or a movie ticket in New York.

"The return on this investment, in war stopped or prevented, in creative projects launched, and in building the friendships with other nations on which our future depends, has been beyond price. . . .

"To hold our own we need military and economic strength. We also need friends. We can get and hold those friends not by command and obedience, which is the Soviet style, but by co-operation among equals and by aid which is free from any suspicion of a desire to dominate. That is pre-eminently the style of the United Nations and, I truly believe, of the American people."

Again Lodge is in step with his countrymen and not ahead, for Cabot Lodge is an instinctive politician; and not behind, for the same reason. The discrepancy lies elsewhere: between his stature before Americans and his image before the world. And since in the campaign his long experience with world leaders in a world forum will weigh heavily in the balance, this gap bears examining.

A Press View

It is acknowledged even by his champions. "The well groomed American Ambassador," wrote the *Herald Tribune* last month, "with a war-toughened core beneath his refined Boston manners, was not to everyone's taste. His forcefulness, pushiness and power as the representative of one of the great powers was resented by milder, meeker men from smaller, weaker countries." It is doubtful whether certain delegates from Great Britain, for instance, or Canada or France, who have experienced his inflexibility and sometimes his arrogance, would recognize themselves as either mild, meek, or the representatives of small, weak nations.

"His aristocratic aloofness," wrote the *Herald Tribune*, "his keeping the outside world at a respectful arm's length, did not make him beloved by the press, though he himself had been a newspaper man and been helped to national and world prominence by the press." To journalists, in short, his political aspirations have always been undisguised. They maintained that though his heart was with the United Nations, his eyes seldom strayed from the gallery. They were not warmed by the charm that envelops his close friends and the national audience. They were not amused by the fact that he continued to wear a green tie on St. Patrick's Day even though he was at the United Nations and not among the Irish population of Boston.

And in the very same issue of the staunchly Republican *Herald Tribune* that served him up, editorially, to the American public on a silver platter, one reporter covering Mr. Lodge's first politicking tour of the Catskill resorts was hardly kind:

"Gov. Rockefeller and State Attorney General Louis J. Lefkowitz accompanied Mr. Lodge, introducing him to the crowds—mostly lounging in beach robes and play suits—as an experienced defender of the American dream . . . He carried on in the best tradition, smiling steadfastly, shaking as many hands as he could reach, and, eventually, kissing Mrs. Jennie Grossinger . . .

" 'Even on this beautiful day, in this wonderful country of ours,' he said, 'I cannot help but think we live in a world full of danger. . .'

" 'Such a personality,' exclaimed a lady in tight-fitting pants and plastic shoes, 'such an approach!'

" 'The way he words his words,' said her friend. . . .

"The candidate," the story went on, "presented himself as a man who for the last seven and a half years at the U.N. has fought for the preservation of the American way of life 'as represented in this typical scene.'

"At the conclusion of his speech, he walked into the kitchen to shake hands with waiters and dishwashers.

"One woman, dressed for golf, whispered her dislike of Mr. Lodge to a friend, explaining: 'He gave Suez back to the Arabs.' "

But perhaps the most significant quote in this report was the remark of Eddie Fisher's manager, Milton Blackstone, who liked Mr. Lodge's talk very much but observed, "He needs something in the voice that says 'I love you.' "

AGAIN, a discrepancy—somewhere. Mr. Lodge has been given, in the *Tribune* envoi, much of the credit for "helping to rescue the U.N. from the sterile debating arena into which it had degenerated and to elevate it into a far more promising and hopeful role as the intermediary between the two big powers. . ." Yet veteran members of the same body will tell you that Cabot Lodge, ironically enough, has used it extensively as a debating hall for the expression of U.S. views, and they suggest that there have been instances where the practice of speedy rebuttal has delayed and even impaired negotiation. "This business of immediate counterattack to Soviet charges may look good in the press and please the American public," said one official, "but it impresses neither the Russians, the allies, nor the uncommitted. For one thing, it gives the Russians an excuse to prolong an issue by counter-rebuttal, and inflate it beyond its worth; for another, it would sometimes serve the American purpose more effectively if a smaller, neutral nation took up the U.S. position and defended it, as many have been ready and anxious to do. It is easier," said the delegate, "to lash back with the righteous indignation of a great and calumniated power than to keep silent and wait to formulate a deliberate and possibly more effective answer at a later date. But then, of course, Henry Cabot Lodge is not a reflective man."

But then, of course, the quick draw is in the Western tradition and we are back in the glass saloon again, where Cabot Lodge slugged it out for seven and a half years.

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The Vatican and Kennedy

CLAIRE STERLING

ROME

IN THE DEBATE on whether or not a Roman Catholic can be an independent President, the candidate in question has spoken out repeatedly on the main point at issue: his attitude toward Rome. By now, the voters have a pretty good idea of how Mr. Kennedy feels about the Vatican. But how does the Vatican feel about *him?*

Officially, it has no feelings about him at all. The one meeting known to have been held in the Holy See to discuss Kennedy's candidacy—a gathering last May of some twenty cardinals in the Congregation for Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs—took no position on the subject; nor has any Vatican authority done so since. Even unofficially, there is no single-minded view. The Vatican is much less of a monolithic institution than it is often taken for, and anyone who made the effort could find a cardinal or member of the Curia here to maintain that Kennedy's election would be good for the Church or bad for the Church or make very little difference either way. If there is a prevailing opinion among these prelates, however, it would seem to be this last.

Theoretically, the Vatican should be delighted by the prospect of a Roman Catholic entering the White House. Since the ideal state for the Church is a Catholic state, anything that helps move a country in that direction—particularly a country like the United States, which was missionary territory only fifty years ago—ought to be more than welcome. But Vatican leaders aren't at all sure that a Catholic President would further the cause of American Catholicism at the moment. If anything, they suspect that he might be more of a hindrance than a help. "What could we ask of a Catholic President in America today," says a highly placed Roman monsignor, "that we haven't already got? As a minority in the United States our church has had the respectful ear of nearly every politician in the business, and most of them have leaned over backwards to see our point of view. A Catholic President would be obliged to lean the other way. He probably wouldn't dream of giving us so much as a free lunch for some Catholic schoolboy, let alone of sending an ambassador to the Holy See—and we probably wouldn't dream of asking him for anything that some Protestant President hadn't given us before. As one of our eminent theologians in America puts it, 'We Catholics are less embarrassed when dealing with non-Catholic politicians than with one of our own.' "

This might sound like Jesuitical reasoning and it is, the theologian mentioned being a Jesuit professor of ecclesiology. Still, it is a fair reflection of the Vatican's historic flexibility in distinguishing between theory and practice. According to its own canon law, the Church is entitled to ask a great deal of a man in Kennedy's position. But the Book of Canon Law is divided neatly in half between rules and exceptions to the rules; and where politics in particular is concerned, Vatican leaders generally apply the rules only insofar as they think they should—or can.

Practically Speaking

In Italy, for instance, the rules are applied with rigor. It would be hard to imagine the Church acting otherwise in a country whose territory completely surrounds Vatican City, whose population is nominally ninety-nine per cent Catholic, and whose governing party is not only formally clerical in nature but depends heavily on the clergy for its electoral machine. Through necessity, habit, and inclination, an Italian Catholic politician would find it unthinkable to make the kind of declaration of independence that Kennedy has made so often in America. A good case in point was the celebrated *"Punti Fermi"* editorial published by *L'Osservatore Romano* last spring, which underlined the Holy See's "right to guide, direct, and correct its faithful on the plane of ideas and action." Though presumably applicable to Catholics the world over, this editorial (like so many others) was obviously written for Italy—specifically in this case for the Christian Democratic leader Amintore Fanfani, who has been in trouble with the hierarchy for some time. Kennedy promptly declared that it didn't apply to him, whereupon the Italian Christian Democrats declared that what Kennedy said didn't apply to *them.* In practice, if not in theory, they were both right.

Even in Italy, however, the Vatican doesn't always have its own way, or always insist on it. Fanfani, for instance, has recently become premier once more over the nearly dead bodies of several powerful prelates; and in the thirteen years since Pope Pius XII ordered all Communists in the world excommunicated—another edict designed primarily for Italy—no more than a few dozen of Italy's 6.7 million Communist voters have suffered excommunication. Since the edict proved impractical, it simply wasn't pressed.

Beyond Italy's borders, the behavior of the Church has always varied with circumstances. In Spain, Franco needs the Catholic clergy so desperately that he is willing to concede nearly anything it might ask for. In the Communist countries, which do not feel they need religion at all, the concessions have come wholly from the Catholic side; the Polish government, for example, is permitted to "discourage" the nomination of a Catholic bishop, a form of secular intervention that the Church has always resented. In many other countries with large Catholic populations—Germany, Belgium, France, the United States—the Holy See has acted with great prudence in respecting the demarcation line between church and state. Though Catholics are a majority in France, for instance, the Church did not think of pressing for a ban on divorce—not to mention birth control—even when the Catholic M.R.P. was in power; nor is it conceivable that any such demands would be made on the austerely Catholic General de Gaulle. (It would be interesting to hear de Gaulle's comments were he to be told that the *"Punti Fermi"* editorial applies to him.)

These variations in policy are not mere expediency. They flow

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naturally from the Holy See's way of thinking, most of all from its elongated sense of time. The Catholic Church is never in a hurry—which is primarily why the hierarchy here is so evidently relaxed about Kennedy's candidacy or possible election.

WHILE the United States may become a predominantly Catholic nation some day—Cardinal Spellman puts it at about a hundred years from now—the Vatican sees this as a normal and mostly demographic growth process, which began two centuries ago under a Protestant government and can go on perfectly well under Protestant governments for another century or two or three or four. Short of the Catholics' ideal state, there is no other state in the world that leaves Catholics freer to live, worship, teach, and preach as they please; and so long as this holds true, the Vatican does not really care whether a Catholic becomes President or whether the candidate elected is a Democrat or a Republican. There are only two major circumstances that might alter this attitude in Rome. One would be if the Catholics' freedom and status were to be threatened in the United States; the other would be if American foreign policy were not only to differ substantially from the Vatican's but to differ in the particularly international areas—the Communist countries, say, or Africa—where the Vatican's long-term interests are most deeply concerned. At the moment neither of these circumstances applies.

It has been many years since American Catholics have been seriously troubled by popular anti-Catholic movements like Know-Nothingism or the Ku Klux Klan. (One of the motives for the Holy See's diffidence about Kennedy, in fact, is the resurgence of something like this kind of sentiment during the current campaign.) Under the Constitution the Catholics' religious liberty has always been scrupulously protected. As for American foreign policy, it has closely paralleled the Vatican's for several decades, especially since the last war. Whether under Democratic or Republican administrations, the State Department has almost always agreed with the Holy See on important issues like international Communism or the decolonialization of Africa, and has consistently supported the Catholic parties of Western Europe. Also, both parties while in power have tried repeatedly to send an ambassador to the Holy See, the Democrats officially, the Republicans unofficially by dispatching the Catholic Mrs. Luce as ambassador to the Italian government in Rome. The Vatican lost no time in rejecting such secondhand representation—rather tartly too.

All things considered, it seems unlikely that in the event of Kennedy's election the Pope would pack his bags and move to Washington—especially the present Pope, who is almost eighty and has shown a marked aversion to the political role assumed by his predecessor, Pius XII. In the two years since his accession to St. Peter's throne, John XXIII has worked single-mindedly to become the kind of pastoral Pope whom, in a time of great spiritual crisis for the Catholics and the world, he believes the Church needs. He has even gone so far as to change the juridical status of the Italian church, the only one that until a year ago had been guided directly by the Vatican rather than by its national episcopal council, and he has insisted since then

that political decisions in every country, including Italy, should be left to the judgment of the local clergy.

For all practical purposes, then, the question of Kennedy's independence in the White House depends on what kind of Catholic he is. In theory once again, a good Catholic in or out of politics owes obedience to his confessor or his bishop. But history has few examples of a Catholic statesman who has been a perfectly obedient servant to the Church, and with every passing century the examples get rarer: in France, in Belgium, in Germany, and even in Italy, Catholic politicians nowadays tend to render a lot more unto Caesar than their ancestors did.

Two Thousand Years

"In a case like Kennedy's," says a professor of theology in one of Rome's Catholic universities, "it's all a matter of conscience. If he were the kind of Catholic who went to Mass daily, wore hair shirts, and took the vow of chastity, he would probably feel inclined to follow the advice of his confessor or bishop. If on the other hand he were a Sunday or every-other-Sunday Mass Catholic, he probably wouldn't feel bound to do anything except where his personal morals were concerned. Naturally he would be a rather poor Catholic if he refused to listen to his priest on questions of his private morals. But he wouldn't necessarily be a bad Catholic if he refused to propose legislation on such subjects. Morality is categorical and obliges by inner consent. Legislation is conditioned and works by some kind of external coercion."

While aware—painfully aware—of Kennedy's frequent declarations of independence, Vatican leaders don't know whether he would regard pressure from the clergy itself as a form of "external coercion," and on the whole they would rather not find out. No one in the Vatican seems to think it would be wise for American Catholics to press Kennedy hard on anything, least of all on delicate questions like divorce or birth control—"Think," says one dignitary here, "of the Margaret Sanger speak-easies that would spring up from coast to coast overnight"; and this opinion is based not on sentiment or morality or dogma but on the realism that has preserved the Holy See for two thousand years. In another two thousand years America may be a closely knit Catholic state, but meanwhile, as the Vatican sees it, forty million Catholics are living comfortably with a hundred and twenty million Protestants.

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The Campaign Seen from Europe

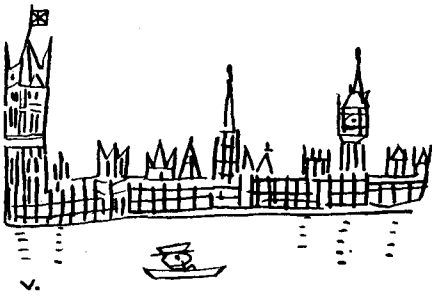
ALASTAIR BUCHAN

LONDON

THERE HAS probably never been a time since the first Atlantic cable was laid when such a torrent of news has flowed eastward to splash itself across the front pages of Europe's newspapers. But since it is almost exclusively concerned with happenings in one small corner of the United States and with the gyrations and fulminations of Russians, Ghanaians, Yugoslavs, Indonesians, and Egyptians, the average European can hardly be blamed for letting the recollection that America is about to make a momentous political choice sink to the bottom of his unconscious. The keen interest in the outcome of the election that was displayed at the time of the conventions—being more knowledgeable about the nuances of American politics than one's conversational partner is now a recognized form of one-upmanship, at least in Britain—has temporarily been diverted by the sense that the United States is merely the real estate surrounding the United Nations, and days pass without a serious European paper—the *Times* or the *Guardian, Le Monde* or *Le Figaro,* and their counterparts—having any space for analyses of the fortunes of Nixon and Kennedy.

But this does not mean that those whose job it is to take hard thought for the future—in foreign offices and embassies, in cabinet rooms, or the higher reaches of trade and commerce—are unaware of the size of the change that is impending with the retirement of President Eisenhower or that they have given no consideration to its consequences. Several times and in several capitals I have recently heard European officials put forward an almost identical argument: that when all the sound and fury of U-2s and summits, Castros and Congos have subsided, the most important event in 1960 will be seen to have been the replacement of Eisenhower by a man who is young enough to be his son.

But if those who wield power in Europe and mold its opinions sense that profound changes may soon occur in American-European relationships as one taut young man or the other replaces the old friend of nearly twenty years, Europeans in general feel less involved in this election than in any other since the Old World began to take seriously the politics of the New. There is a barely discernible bias toward Kennedy, but since Europe is naturally for the Democrats—the party of the immigrant, of F.D.R., of NATO and the Marshall Plan—the fact that he is only marginally preferred is an index of how negative an impression he has made on the world outside the United States. In Paris, of course,



he has ready-made enemies among those who still resent his strong attack three years ago on France's Algerian policy. In Germany the old nabobs who support Adenauer still hanker for the party of Dulles and relish the kitchen polemics of Nixon, but the newer tide of opinion that is beginning to flow toward Willy Brandt is more doubtful. Britain is perhaps the most ardently pro-Democratic European country, and it is an index of this that the dubious record here of the senator's father in the post-Munich years is hardly ever recalled, publicly or even privately.

The fact that this year's contest finds intelligent European opinion less engaged than in any previous Presidential election since F.D.R. first made Europeans interested in them is not due to apathy or to any deeply informed assessment of the differences and similarities between the Republican and the Democratic platforms. It is certainly not the result of any calculation that either Kennedy or Nixon will be more considerate of European interests than Eisenhower; indeed the reverse is assumed, for the preoccupation of both Kennedy and Nixon with Asia, Africa, and Latin America has certainly been marked and digested. What Europeans want is to be treated consistently, rather than to be hailed as blood brothers one moment and rabid imperialists the next.

After eight years of Eisenhower, Europeans care much less about his successor's views on colonialism or Formosa or disarmament, and very much that there should be some rough correspondence between his words and the actions of his government; that his chief assistants do not say one thing in negotiations and another on Capitol Hill; that they should know where they stand on tariffs and food quotas; that diplomatic negotiations should not be subject to continuous interagency disputes in Washington; that complex matters of interallied policy should not be the victim of chance *obiter dicta* in a casual press conference; and above all that their own electorate should not continually have its nerves rubbed raw by the dire predictions of Pentagon officials trying to justify their appropriations before Congressional committees. What shocked informed European opinion about the U-2 incident, for instance, was not that the United States was involved in espionage but rather the evidence it revealed of the almost complete collapse of the Executive machinery.

Time for a Change

The diffusion of power in Washington is desperately hard on allied nerves. If European officials have a particular reason for feeling that at this moment "westward, look, the land is bright," it is because they believe, perhaps naïvely, that either of these tough, ruthless young men will restore the center of power to the only place from which America's foreign policy can be conducted with dispatch and consistency—namely, to the big desk in the upstairs study in the White House.

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Moreover, there is a hope in all the European chancelleries that with a change of administration there may come some improvement of American representation in Europe, which, with the marked exception of certain career ambassadors, has been gradually declining throughout the Eisenhower years. If there is one aspect of American policy in Europe on which there is unanimous agreement that "It's time for a change," it is that the kind of gentle elderly lawyers or corporation executives who become ambassadors should be replaced by men approximating more closely the spectrum of talent and brains that is to be found in the United States itself. It is ironic, and not wholly in the best interests of the European-American relationship at this moment, that the only really magnetic and effective American representative in Europe is a soldier—General Lauris Norstad, NATO's Supreme Commander Europe—a figure who towers over his civilian colleagues not only in military but in diplomatic skills. It follows that if Europe is to occupy a lesser place in the scale of American values, its nations will need more tactful handling.

THE ANTICIPATION of having a firm young hand on the tiller does of course present its own difficulties. The leadership of Europe is at the moment in the hands of unusually old men, and it is unlikely that Macmillan, Adenauer, or de Gaulle shares the elation of his younger officials. In part, each derives some of his own internal political strength from the belief that he is "the man who can handle Ike." Each of these men faces a period of difficult adjustment—and a weakening of his own particular *raison d'être*—in dealing with a young man with whom there are no memories to share, no personal credit account to soften divergencies of view, no postprandial platitudes beneath which to slumber when they meet. The first few months of the new administration will undoubtedly be rough going for the old men of Europe. The hope in Europe is that President Kennedy/Nixon can also make Khrushchev feel his age.

AT HOME & ABROAD

Why de Gaulle Stayed Home

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

ONE OF THE aptest comments on the current international situation is an allegorical novel just published here called *Les Blanc-Bleus* ("The Dead-Whites"). In this literary nightmare of the Orwell-Huxley tradition, a talented young Spanish-French writer named Guy Ponce de Leon relates the collapse of western civilization and the occupation of Paris by eerie barbarians with leprous white skins. The invaders don't have to evict their former rulers. They simply take over the empty, intact capitals of the West after all their inhabitants have been struck down by a mysterious pestilence that literally disintegrates them from within—a kind of galloping vacuity.

Since the opening of the U.N. Assembly, there is a haunting feeling prevalent here that something closely akin to that weird malady has begun to attack the West—a feeling that has been made even more painful by several recent manifestations of French and interallied disunity. Its main source is the French conviction that western leadership has failed to appreciate the menace to western interests throughout the world resulting from what General de Gaulle in one of his latest speeches termed the "degeneration" of the U.N. into a "permanent scandal marked by intemperate speeches, by warlike threats, and by absurd efforts on the part of the different blocs to outbid each other."

As the French see it, the West's procedural successes in the Assembly don't compensate for the transformation of the U.N. into a "dangerous instrument of demagoguery in the hands of our enemies"—in the words of one French diplomat just back from New York. The long-term erosion of the western position in the U.N. proceeds at an accelerated pace. Though there is considerable controversy over where to put the blame, French observers, both official and journalistic, have been almost unanimous in reporting the western eclipse there.

"The strengthening of the neutralist bloc in the U.N. has intensified discord rather than understanding," notes an editorial in *Combat*, which sometimes itself leans toward neutralism. "Time is no longer on the side of the Occident. But what is worse is that the Occidentals no longer help themselves so that providence may help them."

Archneutralist Claude Bourdet, while supporting Hammarskjöld on the theory that he is the "faithful instrument of the neutrals," gloomily cables from New York to his weekly *France-Observateur* that U.N. experts now rate the secretary-general's administrative life expectancy very low as the result of the remorseless Soviet offensive against him. *Le Monde* more cautiously voices the same worry.

"The West, just because it is the West, must justify everything and render accounts to everybody," reports the U.N. correspondent of *L'Express* in a more philosophical but even bleaker dispatch. "Its pride must be humbled, it must be punished for its past glories, it must be shown that its reign is ended. Westerners used to react to such attacks. This time they are completely disoriented."

MORE SANGUINE European observers remain confident of the basic healthiness of western reflexes and of the possibility of restoring the U.N. to its proper role. They attribute the lack of an effective western presence there partly to the American Presidential election, which inevitably creates a leadership vacuum in the heart of the western camp, and partly to the fact that many people have become so bemused by the recent political Walpurgis Night on Forty-Second Street

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that they failed to notice how dangerous it is.

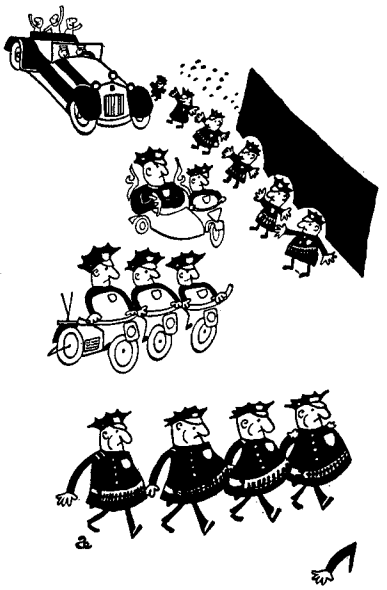
"I had the impression while I was in New York," a French delegate told me, "that American newspaper readers and TV viewers were so hypnotized by Khrushchev's antics and the whole Manhattan circus that they forgot that such a thing as Europe, or even the Atlantic community, had ever existed."

The American delegation to the U.N. is given credit here for trying to co-operate with America's allies—when it happened to think of them. But there is a tendency in French diplomatic circles to feel that the U.S. delegates, in their frantic, frequently futile maneuvering to neutralize the neutralists and pacify the pacifists, became so enmeshed in tactics and procedure that they sometimes lost sight of the western community. In trying to conduct dignified diplomacy or demonstrate constructive statesmanship in the midst of such a propaganda circus, our representatives—including President Eisenhower—could not help looking a little foolish, it is felt here. The French, with their Latin sensitivity to ridicule and their practical experience in dealing with Afro-Asian peoples, consider that this image of the West as an elderly Sunday-school teacher mumbling moralistic platitudes to a jeering pack of unruly adolescents is one of the most disastrous that could be projected throughout what is called here the "Third World."

Voice from the Citadel

It was largely to avoid wasting his time in aimless and chaotic procedures that de Gaulle, according to well-informed French sources, took the decision not to join the other heads of state or government in New York and not even to allow Foreign Minister Maurice Couve de Murville to put in more than a brief formal appearance. The decision was widely criticized here—even several cabinet ministers were reported to have argued against it—but now public opinion seems to be swinging around to the view that he was right, at least in not going himself.

"We found nothing but the lowest demagogy, insults, and gross calumnies directed at certain nations and certain men," declared one returning



delegate, Senator Jean-Louis Tinaud, a member of the Independent Party, which is usually critical of de Gaulle's whole foreign policy. "I consider that in such a free-for-all France should not debase itself to discuss the Algerian affair."

De Gaulle has sharpened his own attacks on the U.N. In his recent presidential tour through the Savoy region his kindest reference to the organization was to call it a "vast and confused Areopagus." Nearly everywhere he laid special stress on the incongruity of "coalitions of totalitarians, professional dictators, and also a certain number of more or less stable and responsible new states" setting themselves up to judge ancient nations like France.

Despite his sometimes excessively nationalistic overtones, de Gaulle's attacks on the U.N. are primarily a critique of the way the West behaved during the Assembly. He wants to awaken the West to the dangers that face it, to arouse its leaders from their lethargy, to check the wave of defeatism, which, like the strange epidemic in Ponce de Leon's novel, threatens to disintegrate civilization from within. De Gaulle realizes that the new states of the "Third World" have a role to play in the U.N. that cannot be denied, but he considers that this makes it essential for the West to act more in concert to defend its values and interests. Above all, he believes that Europe, which he considers the moral citadel of Christendom, must draw together and make its voice heard more forcibly in the world.

"Our Europe is the main hearth of reason, of progress, and of fraternity," he declared in Savoy. "It always was. If it falls apart the fire will go out. It must draw closer together, co-operate, organize itself for progress and defense."

IT CAN BE ARGUED that de Gaulle is impeding his own goal of European unity when he reaffirms France's separate identity in terms as bristling as those he used in his Savoy speeches. His insistence that France must not let its soul and personality be swallowed up—whether by the U.N., NATO, or Europe—and the particularly isolationist ring of his atomic policy as enunciated in his October 7 address at Grenoble almost broke up the conference between Adenauer, Premier Michel Debré, and Couve de Murville in Bonn on the same day.

De Gaulle, however, has some compelling reasons for appealing to the latent nationalism of the French people at this time. One obvious one is the need to harden French public opinion against U.N. interference in the Algerian question—and to show France's allies that it is hardening, so that they will avoid the mistake of putting pressure on France. This by no means implies that de Gaulle's own Algerian policy is hardening; on the contrary, he now seems to be encouraging the African members of the French Community to search for a peaceful solution for Algeria.

Another reason for harping on the nationalist theme is de Gaulle's understandable desire to preserve French national unity and his own régime. Both are seriously threatened by what he terms "contradictory excesses." One of these is the strange alliance between pro-NATO, pro-European French liberals and right-wing reactionaries who hope to trade support for American views about integrated defense in NATO in return for American acceptance of the dismal "Algérie française" formula that de Gaulle has repudiated. The other domestic "excess" is a left-wing drive for peace at almost any price in Algeria, which Guy Mollet's Socialists have joined. The center-right and left-wing attacks have tended to converge in the parliamentary offensive against the

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de Gaulle-sponsored bill for an independent atomic striking force.

Probably the most valid reason for de Gaulle's present reversion to a nationalist vocabulary he has rarely employed since his return to power is the concern he is said to feel over the defeatist and neutralist current that is beginning to run in a number of countries, including France. Allied observers here have hitherto paid little attention to this trend because it usually expresses itself in pressures for a quick settlement in Algeria, which they are inclined to think is sound policy. But as a symptom of national morale, the controversial recent manifesto of French intellectuals justifying refusal of military service or desertion for reasons of conscience suggests something less healthy than reasoned conviction about the need for ending the war in Algeria. And Sartre's testimony sent from Latin America during last month's trial of several French accomplices of the F.L.N. (he expressed personal willingness to hide agents or "carry suitcases" for the enemies of his country) revealed a truly disturbing degree of civic alienation among certain French intellectuals. Such extremes are rare, but sizable pacifist and neutralist minorities are beginning to spread demoralization —and not only with regard to France's Algerian struggle.

BOTH the Socialists and the Christian Democrats (M.R.P.), up to now among the stoutest pillars of Atlantic co-operation in France, seem peculiarly vulnerable on their left flanks to the neutralist infection. Here, as far as France is concerned, lies the real threat to NATO. De Gaulle has never been and could not possibly be a neutralist. Mostly because of his limited confidence in American leadership, he may be inclined to assign to his country too great a role in the defense of the West. He is trying to stem the defeatist, neutralist current by reanimating the militant, almost fanatical dedication to the cause of France that during the war made the Free French constantly admirable if sometimes insufferable. His success will doubtless supply a tonic for western morale even though creating new headaches for western policymakers. His failure would be too grim to contemplate.

Austria, the Reluctant Neutral

GORDON SHEPHERD

VIENNA

FIVE YEARS AGO this fall, a Russian lieutenant colonel, with a package of food wrapped in newspaper under his arm, hurried along the tracks at the dingy railroad station of Bruck an der Leitha, twenty-five miles outside Vienna, and clambered onto the rear coach of a Soviet military train that was just puffing away eastward. In a modest sort of way, he also clambered into history. For that officer was recorded as the last soldier of the Soviet occupation garrison to leave postwar Austria; and the Russian evacuation which he completed by jumping onto his train was the first (and so far the only) voluntary Red Army withdrawal of the cold war.

In the spring of 1955, the then Soviet Foreign Minister V. M. Molotov had invited an Austrian government delegation to Moscow and had offered them freedom on a silver platter if they promised strict neutrality in return. The Neutrality Law of October 26, 1955, passed by the Austrian parliament a few hours after the last Allied soldier left Austrian soil, was in its essentials the fulfillment of this semi-official "April Memorandum" drawn up in the Soviet capital.

Under the terms of this law, Austria declared its "perpetual neutrality" and, to preserve this, undertook "never to join any military alliance and never to permit military bases of foreign powers to be set up on its territory."

With this belated settlement of the Austrian question, Russia paid for its entrance ticket into polite diplomatic society—the road to Geneva in 1955 had to pass through Vienna. And, as Molotov made clear when he signed the treaty, the Kremlin was deliberately creating a precedent for the far more important case of Germany. From the Soviet point of view, Austria's neutral freedom was simply a Danubian sprat to catch the German mackerel.

The Austrians were too happy at getting their long-promised liberty to examine the bill too closely—in addition to the neutrality pledge it also included $150 million worth of goods and ten million tons of crude oil as reparations to the Soviet Union.

A Selective Neutrality

Soon after the bell ringing had stopped in Vienna, however, the head scratching began. In Moscow the Austrian government committed itself to a neutrality "of the type practiced by Switzerland." Yet it was immediately clear that to copy the Swiss model in practice would make a mockery both of Austria's present outlook and its past history.

The Swiss have been neutral in law, in fact, and therefore in mentality ever since 1815. The Austrians were committed on one side or the other in all of Europe's classic conflicts and combinations except the Crimean War. The arguments of the present situation seem no less imperative. The Austrians are a ninety per cent Catholic community living on the fringes of a would-be atheist empire. Their republic is the only bastion of freedom left in a Communist Danube basin. Their economic links and political, traditional, and cultural affinities are with the West.

The military pledge was clear enough. And on the opposite horizon, everyone was agreed that the ideological freedom of the individual citizen was obviously unimpaired and therefore unnecessary to discuss. The problem was how to plot Austria's course in the field of foreign affairs that lay between.

By 1960, two things had emerged from this conflict between Austria's western conscience and its eastern commitment. The first was the government's determination to make its foreign policy pragmatic, not predetermined by any model, whether Swiss, Swedish, or other. Thus Austria's decision in 1956 to join the Council of Europe paid tribute to its western allegiances. But its adherence last year to the European

(*Continued on page 34*)

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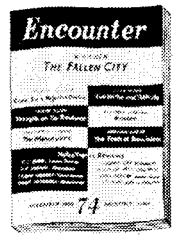

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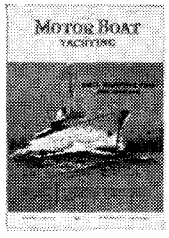

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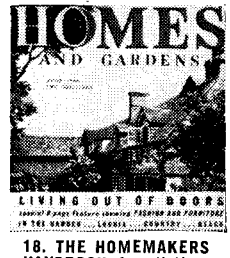

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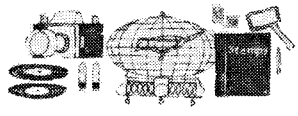

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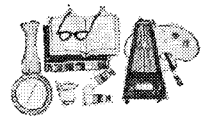

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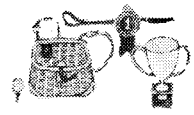

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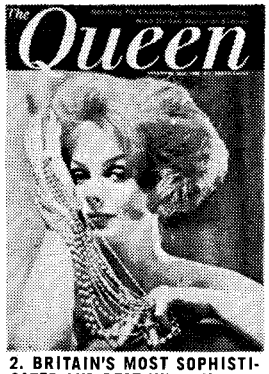

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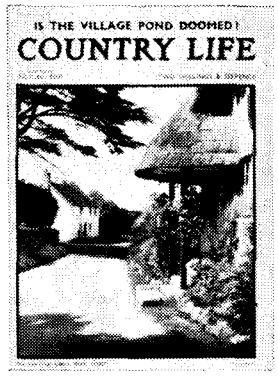

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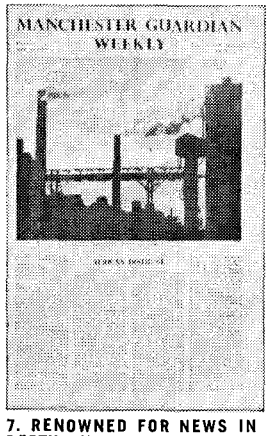

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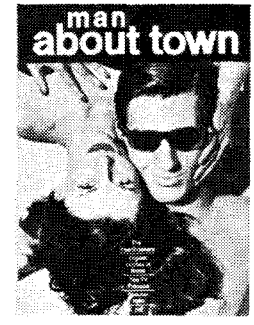

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Free Trade Association rather than to the Common Market (despite much stronger trade links with the latter) marked an equally clear concession to the Soviet Union, which regards the European Six as a political and military alliance.

Underlying this pragmatism is a second and more fundamental assumption about Austrian neutrality, namely that it is military only. This interpretation emphasizes the complete breakaway from the Swiss pattern prescribed in Moscow and accepted in Vienna five years ago. It was not reached without a great deal of anxious soul searching but was finally confirmed by no less a person than Austria's seventy-year-old president, Dr. Adolf Schaerf, who recently declared: "We attach great importance to our neutrality being regarded as a military one. In other aspects, and particularly in all questions of culture, we do not wish to be tied to any historically molded pattern."

Khrushchev's Visit

This was the stage that neutral Austrian political philosophy had reached when, this summer, Khrushchev paid his nine-day visit to Austria. The Soviet premier promptly dragged all the country's newly bleached neutrality skeletons out of the cupboard and rattled them under the startled eyes of his hosts.

He first tackled the delicate theme when halfway through his whirlwind propaganda tour at Salzburg. After a jovial tourist day ending with a visit to Mozart's birthplace, Khrushchev moved over to a reception at the old archbishop's residence. Amid the gilt baroque mirrors and the crystal chandeliers, he launched into a very untouristlike political speech. "We prize Austria's neutrality very highly," he assured his audience. "And we shall not remain idle if anyone tries to infringe it."

For a people like the Austrians who have seen examples of Soviet "protection" on their eastern doorstep, this promise was unpleasant enough. But worse was to come in the southernmost province of Carinthia, which Khrushchev visited the next day. Nodding toward the nearby NATO frontier of Italy, the Soviet leader said: "I betray no secret when I say that foreign military bases with rocket sites have been stationed for some time in your vicinity and that these are directed against Russia and its neighbors. It would be difficult not to realize that the existence of these bases, if they were employed against the socialistic countries, would involve a violation of Austria's neutrality."

This was rubbing salt into the cut opened at Salzburg, and the Austrian government jumped accordingly. Strategically speaking, neutral Austria is in the unique and unenviable position of having a common frontier with two Warsaw Pact states (Czechoslovakia and Hungary), two pillars of NATO (Italy and West Germany), and two other countries, neutral or noncommitted like itself (Switzerland and Yugoslavia). The combined military strength of these neighbors has been estimated by Austrian Defense Minister Ferdinand Graf at "130 divisions, five mountain brigades, and an unknown number of rocket regiments."

THE AUSTRIAN government knows that its little army of 53,000 men would be powerless to hold a thrust from any section of this mighty iron ring that encircles the country. It also knows that for the two military giants poised across its borders, the only question in an emergency is whether Austria's neutrality would help or hinder their operations.

But it is one thing to know that a strategic problem exists and another to hear it brutally set out by the most dangerous of all the protagonists. Khrushchev's Carinthian speech conjured up visions of the Red Army re-entering Austria the moment a NATO rocket began to hiss on its north Italian launching pad, or, "protectively," even before. The Soviet statesman's refusal to clarify his threat during his farewell Vienna press conference forty-eight hours later only heightened the general alarm.

The result was one of the toughest series of statements that any neutral has ever addressed to the Kremlin. The Austrian cabinet, in its first meeting after the departure of its formidable guest, declared, "It is Austria's right, in exercising its still uncurtailed sovereignty, to decide on its own authority when and whereby its neutrality is threatened or violated, and to decide how this threat or violation should be met." The government statement went on to stress that while Austria would still welcome a guarantee by all the four ex-occupation powers jointly, it did not want any individual "protection."

A few days later, People's Party Chairman Alfons Gorbach, referring to Khrushchev's offer of help, said bluntly: "The best people to decide about neutrality violations are the victims themselves, and if we want to consult a doctor in the matter then it is pretty certain that neutral Austria's choice would fall on the medical concilium of the United Nations. In no event would we content ourselves with a long-distance diagnosis from one particular quarter."

Gorbach also took the opportunity of restating his party's view that Austria's neutrality could "never and nowhere" be an ideological one. In the great spiritual battle of the world, Austria would always stand "on the side of Christianity and for that true democracy which is poles apart from the one-party rule of Eastern pseudo democracy."

THERE IS little doubt that Khrushchev's midsummer bogyman act in Austria recoiled against himself. He left the Austrians more and not less determined to defend their neutrality, and more rather than less clear as to where their true political interests lie.

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The Showdown at G.E.

PAUL JACOBS

UNLIKE last year's steel strike, the strike of the International Union of Electrical Workers (AFL-CIO) against the General Electric Company is not a titanic clash between a massive industry and a massive union representing nearly all the workers in that industry. The present battle is between a giant company and a middle-sized and not too stable union. Although IUE's seventy thousand workers are concentrated in G.E.'s biggest plants and comprise more than sixty per cent of G.E.'s 110,000 unionized workers as well as half of all production workers, they represent only twenty-five per cent of the huge company's total work force. And while Westinghouse, Philco, and other corporate giants of the industry looked on with more than passing interest, IUE began a strike on October 2 that involves not only hourly wages and the loss of jobs to automation but the union's very survival as an effective bargaining agent.

In taking this risk, the union claims that G.E. "is the self-appointed leader of an assault upon the nation's labor movement, seeking to prove, without regard for the nation's welfare or the equity of its employees, a philosophy of labor-management relations which has been outmoded for more than a quarter of a century."

The company replies in turn that it will not negotiate with the union through the "old approach," which it describes as "auction-type bargaining and haggling," with each side making concessions until finally, at the strike deadline, the union demands "some little something extra" so that union leaders can then "make it appear" that they had to threaten a strike in order to get what both sides "knew was really in the cards from the beginning." To underline its firm words, the company refused the union's offer to postpone the strike deadline if the company would accept arbitration, a fact-finding board, or even mediation. The company also refused the union's offer to continue working under the terms of the old contract while negotiations were in progress.

As an alternative to the "old approach," G.E. has developed a theory the union has named "Boulwareism," after Lemuel R. Boulware, a company vice-president. The four principles of the G.E.'s labor policy, according to an article in the *Harvard Business Review*, are that management knows best what should be done for its employees; it should therefore make up its mind prior to any negotiations what should be the maximum offer; it should refuse to recede from or alter this offer in any substantial way; it should take a strike, if necessary, and hold out.

THE COMPANY began making preparations for the 1960 negotiations back in 1955, immediately after the last contract with IUE was negotiated. Through employee newspapers, news

bulletins, memoranda, letters, and newspaper ads, the company has spent millions trying to persuade its employees that the company was a better protector of the workers' interests than any union. The constant effort to split the union members from their leaders by speaking over the leaders' heads to the workers themselves and their families was well illustrated in a memorandum circulated last year to G.E. executives before the union had taken a strike vote. The memo explained how executives can help produce "family awareness of the importance of no strike action" through writing letters to the employees' families pointing out the consequences of strike action.

A similar tone is to be observed in a company statement made after the strike was called. The "basic issues," according to the release, obviously boil down to such as these:

"1. The *Few* Against the *Many*

"2. Union officials against their members

"3. National union officials against local union officials

"4. Imported goons against peaceful homefolks

"5. Local lawbreakers against their law-abiding fellow citizens

"6. Selfish interest against the common interest

"7. Higher cost against the more attractive values needed to save jobs

"8. Trying to divert members and their neighbors with blind emotion instead of trying to give constructive help to members and public with accurate information and calm consideration as to how the economic and human well-being of members and community is to be served."

Divided They Stand

Several factors have contributed to G.E.'s conviction that Boulwareism will be successful against IUE. For one thing, G.E. deals with at least a hundred unions in all, and even though IUE represents its largest single bloc of workers, the fact that it is only one of several major bargaining agents certainly represents a fundamental weakness in its economic position. Indeed, even though an attempt was made to present the company with a united union front before the negotiations began, forty-three other unions (including eight AFL-CIO locals) voted to accept the company offer that was rejected by IUE membership.

IUE is also divided internally, and so the company has concentrated a good deal of its fire on James B. Carey, the colorful and controversial president of the union. Inside the union, anti-Carey factions are continually at war with the pro-Carey forces. The Schenectady plant, the largest single IUE unit in G.E., has been the scene of a bitter factional fight and at first voted against the strike, although subsequently it decided that it would close ranks. To the company's surprise, however, mass picket lines there have been among the most militant.

The Schenectady plant is a good

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illustration of still another major IUE problem. For many years, until it was expelled from the CIO in 1949 for being Communist-dominated, the major union at G.E. was the United Electrical Workers. As a matter of fact, IUE was originally set up by the CIO to replace the UE, and since then a continuous battle for bargaining rights at G.E. has been waged by these two unions. In March, 1959, the Justice Department dropped its suit to label the UE a Communist-infiltrated union because the membership had changed. IUE now represents a far greater number of G.E. employees than the 38,000-strong UE, but in all the large locals, like the one at Schenectady, there is still an active core of UE supporters who seize every opportunity to attack IUE policy. When the Schenectady local finally voted to join the strike, petitions were circulated urging the workers to leave IUE and rejoin the UE, which is still negotiating with the company while IUE pickets its plants.

The Communist-dominated unions have frequently been less vigorous in the pursuit of economic goals than in the support of political positions. In the case of G.E. the old UE leadership almost invariably avoided a showdown on purely economic issues that might antagonize a membership which, because of the very nature of the work, had a very weak tradition of unionism. Many of G.E.'s plants are located in rural areas where workers from farms are recruited, and there is a very high proportion of women employed in the electrical industry. From the company viewpoint, this split among the employees has obvious attractions, and the company that extols the virtues of "people's capitalism" has even been accused of encouraging the UE, which has provided comfortable administrative jobs for a number of people whose wholehearted devotion to America's free-enterprise system has been brought into serious question.

Militancy is a quality Carey has never lacked. He is a good deal more volatile than many of the contemporary labor leaders who have tended to become mellow "labor statesmen" over the years. Some of those who are familiar with Carey's temperament suspect that the company's refusal to send its top labor-relations officers to negotiations may be calculated to get under Carey's skin—although it has produced a certain amount of resentment throughout the union; and the company policy of refusing to go beyond the one and only offer it has made to the union may be a result not only of Boulwareism but also of a desire to force Carey into taking a more and more extreme position. Actually, the company's one and only offer was not far from meeting the union's wage demands, although it was clear that the union would not agree to the G.E. proposals on a number of key questions, such as the handling of layoffs or displacements resulting from technological changes and the suspension of cost-of-living increases.

Closing Ranks

In its first days the strike was more effective than either management officials or union leaders had anticipated, but it is still far too early to predict its outcome. As the weeks go by, the strike may grow weaker and the company may be more successful in keeping the plants open. If this happens, there may be growing violence and perhaps even a repetition of the long and bitter struggle at the Kohler plant in Wisconsin, where Walter Reuther's United Auto Workers have been fighting a rear-guard action for more than six years. Meanwhile Boulwareism is being tried over at Westinghouse, where IUE is also engaged in negotiations. Westinghouse has made almost precisely the same offer to the union that G.E. did and is taking somewhat the same attitude.

But if the G.E. strike is a long one, there is a distinct possibility that Boulwareism will backfire. There has already been more resentment over the company's attitude than over the specific terms it has offered, and the labor movement throughout the country, as might have been expected, is closing ranks behind IUE. Instead of bringing about a "new approach" to collective bargaining, the big-business philosophy of Boulwareism may only succeed in making the divided IUE into a big-labor power for the first time in its life.

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More Than Mao Can Chew

A report on China's rural communes

WOLF LADEJINSKY

TWO YEARS after the establishment of China's communes, it has become apparent that they are not the "escalators to heaven" the régime originally proclaimed. The communes will not be dissolved, but they still leave unanswered the question of how the Communists can extract from the peasants ever greater output while transforming them into farm hands, purged of any private-property notions.

The communes are China's third agrarian revolution within a decade. They have canceled out the second revolution, the collective-farm system, just as the collective-farm system canceled out the land-redistribution program, on the back of which the Communists rode to power. One of the main reasons for the establishment of the communes was the miraculous productive powers ascribed to them. But from the Communists' point of view they are no less important as the most rewarding social and economic form in which to mold a new collectivistic society. Currently, the former 740,000 collective farms have been squeezed into 24,000 communes averaging 10,000 acres each, and comprising an average of 5,000 households with a labor force of 10,000. The Communists hope that the communes will shatter the traditional family system; that family loyalties will be transferred to the communes, which are completely subordinated to the dictates of party and state.

THE COMMUNISTS were right in saying that the commune represents "the most rapid and ferocious" of all the transformations rural China has experienced in the short period of the Communist decade or, indeed, in all its long history. A glance at the regulations of the Sputnik Commune, in the province of Honan, a model for most others, makes this clear. In addition to merging into the commune all the property owned by a collective farm, "Members joining the commune should turn over all their private plots, and place private houses, lands, livestock, and trees under the ownership of the commune, but may keep small numbers of domestic animals and poultry as private property."

The basis of the commune is the huge underpaid labor force. Everybody capable of performing any kind of work is organized into labor units. A member of a commune cannot choose his job. As a unit of labor in work gangs, he is sent where labor is wanted, often separated for long periods of time from his wife and children. Caught in the early frenzy of the "great leap forward" and its "challenges to night battles," a working day of fourteen to sixteen hours—and not less than twenty-eight working days a month—was the rule rather than the exception. When the communes were first established, the peasants were paid mostly in kind, largely meals, and the rest in cash, and on the principle of "more work—more pay" within certain grades of work. But whatever the category, and regardless of the torrent of propaganda that the peasants were getting a so-called "free supply" of goods, the entire emphasis was on frugality. As one Communist aptly expressed it: "It is a system of low wages designed to let five persons take the food of three."

"Every peasant a soldier" became the battle cry when the Communist Party decided at the very outset to impose military discipline upon the communes, by drafting all able-bodied men and many women into a militia organization. The farm laborers were drilled before and after work, and made to march to the fields, the mess halls, and the parade ground in formation. The militarization was "to prepare the whole nation as soldiers" in order to repel foreign aggressions, presumably American aggression. There is ample evidence that this was also an internal security measure.

Thousands of "Red and Expert Schools" sprang up in the communes like mushrooms after rain. This was where the remolding took place, through the study of Communist doctrine, the three "Rs," and training in some specialized skill.

A Woman's Place

Expropriation of property, unremitting toil, meager rewards, party control, and military discipline—all these can find some echo in the history of China. The uniqueness of the commune is the mess hall, well summed up by a Communist as an institution that must practice the principle of "big collectivism and small freedom." At the end of 1959 there were close to four million of them, catering to approximately 400 million people, or about seventy-three per cent of the farm population. With domestic chores thus reduced drastically, commune after commune reported, probably correctly, that "liberation" of the women increased the locally available labor force by fifty per cent or more.

For sheer daring, one must agree with the Communists that the mess hall "is the greatest revolution in the life of the peasants." Communists see in "away from home and into the mess hall" the fostering of collective habits and consciousness, the liberation of women for field and industrial work, tighter political supervision and more effective propaganda, and, what is most immediately important, complete control and disposition of agricultural output. The peasants no longer have grain at their disposal as they had even under the collective farms. They receive it only in the form of a food ration at the mess hall, in exchange for a coupon. The communes are the state repository of all the surplus.

THE COMMUNES were no mere whim of the Communists, but, as they put it, "the logical result of the march of events." This is a euphemism for the industrial, agricultural, ideological, and demographic problems facing them. Perhaps the most potent reason was the "great leap forward" in industry in 1958,

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the appetite it whetted for still greater industrial progress in the shortest possible time, and the need for larger capital accumulation, which had to come, as in the past, from agriculture.

When the collective farms were first instituted, the Communists claimed for them the same supernatural powers of production they now ascribe to the communes. The fact is, however, that the increase in agricultural production during the short period of collectivization was not sufficient to provide for a fifteen-million annual increase in population. The collectives with their relative autonomy developed too many conflicts, the principal one being between themselves and the régime. Many collectivized farmers committed every crime in the Communist book, including the unforgivable one of concealing output and denying it to the state. Ideologically, too, the collective farms, permitting as they did a strong dash of individualistic tendencies, were clearly a failure. The struggle for "transformation of the peasant" was an ideological reason for the establishment of the communes, and surely as important a reason as the anticipated increase in production.

The communes were officially blessed by the Communist Party on August 29, 1958, but the system had been introduced in April, and by late October all the collective farms had been merged into communes. It was as haphazard and planless a venture as one can find in the annals of Chinese Communism.

To have disinherited and herded 550 million peasants into the communes without difficulty is indeed a feat that surpasses imagination. The biggest play to overcome the peasants' opposition lay in the alluring picture of the commune as an earthly "social security" paradise. Everything was to be provided for everybody—free food for all, education for young and old, nurseries for the children, "happy homes" for the old and feeble, freedom from household chores for the women, and, of course, ample work in the fields and in the factories for all.

Paced by an estimated ten to twelve million activists, the race was on without a backward glance. Between hard work and sloganeering, the activists stripped the peasants, where they could, of all farm and personal property, sometimes down to the last chopstick.

The impact upon the family, "a poor cage for working people," was immediate in its disrupting effects. In numerous instances the closely knit family all but disappeared, and the boast of the theoretical journal *Red Flag* that "We have undermined that kind of family that carried out individual production with the household as a unit" was not without justification. But it is a mistake to accept the impression created by the Communist writings that the entire family system came tumbling down. Most people remained in their homes, and most villages are not made up of barracks to sleep in; many women preferred homemaking to work gangs; a good deal of meal preparation was still done at home; and not all the children found their way into the nurseries.

In some provinces the herding of peasants into the communes was not as easy as lining up schoolchildren in a parade. While the press was replete with accounts of peasants rejoicing, there were also reports that special courts were set up to try all kinds of saboteurs on the spot. But the remarkable aspect of the period is that the peasants worked like Trojans, taking "night as day and the moon as the sun." Sleep almost became reactionary.

Ten Flies with Ten Fingers

During the first month or two of the life of the communes, the cadres evidently made a point to feed the peasants reasonably well. But this bait and the "free food" promise did not last; peasants had to earn their ration, which was below expectations both in quality and quantity, and compared poorly with the food of the pre-commune days. The gross annual income of a commune member, including food, wages, and bonus, ranged from $24 to $38, and approximately a third of his income, low even by Chinese standards, was withheld for the general commune fund. These income estimates compare well with the officially reported 1959 average annual per capita earnings of the rural population of $35. It might be noted that in Nationalist Taiwan the comparable figure is $145.

It is little wonder that by the end of 1958 the combination of all these factors in conditions of superhuman "battlings" and "storming" had exhausted the peasants, and a pause for breath was in order.

Developments outside the communes contributed to the same end. The "great leap forward" was threatening to become anarchic. The village steelmaking was already a failure, not to speak of the waste of labor—fifty million people were employed in the small blast furnaces—which could have been employed more usefully in industry and agriculture. Too many things were being pushed simultaneously regardless of cost, with politics rather than planning in control. An economic muddle was inevitable. The *People's Daily*, the mouthpiece of the party, was finally constrained to note that "If a person tries to catch ten flies with ten fingers at the same time he may catch none."

Against this background, a series of directives to "tidy up" the hastily built communes began to appear in December, 1958. The principal one was the Wuhan directive, formulated during protracted discussions by the Central Committee of the party, under the chairmanship of Mao Tse-tung. It was a directive important as a line of retreat and, as events proved, as the beginning of the gradual process of watering down some of the cherished Communist illusions about the communes. The rural commune as the institution best fitted to attain Communism was declared inviolate, but changes proposed with respect to family, conditions of labor, and property left no doubt that the communes would not be quite the same after the Wuhan directive, at least for a while.

While staunchly defending the undermining of the "irrational" family system, the Communists also demonstrated sensitivity to the peasants' resistance to the idea that the commune itself could take the place of the family. Parents were free to send their children away or to keep them at home, and "attention should be paid" to ensure that new housing in the communes is

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suitable "to the living together of men and women, and the aged and young of each family." Not many months later the Communists reduced the grain ration in the communes by twenty-five to thirty-three per cent, but attendance at the mess halls was to be voluntary and the members of the communes might eat in their homes.

Emphasis was placed on more remuneration in cash, in accordance with work performed, and less on the so-called "free supply" in kind that had been so widely hailed as an entry ticket to Communism. This change of position fitted well with the abandonment of the ideological notion prevailing only four months earlier that Communism was only six or seven years or so away; the party now revised its estimate and decided that it would take a little longer—fifteen or twenty years or more. The workday might not exceed twelve hours; this reflected not only the strain of overwork but also Mao's recent discovery of the "new law of dialectical relationship between work and rest." The peasants were told that the communes could no longer appropriate "personal consumer items"—housing, clothing, bedding, furniture, bank deposits—and that these, along with the remaining trees around the houses and small tools, belonged to the peasants forever.

Nobody has paid a greater tribute to the strength of individualism than a despairing Communist: "If today you retain only the smallest bit of individualism, it will develop and finally devour you entirely." And yet, at Wuhan the party had to introduce this "smallest bit of individualism" by permitting the peasants to engage in certain forms of domestic small-scale side-line production on condition that it would not "affect their participation in collective labor," and conceded that the income from such occupations should belong to them.

The party did not trouble to explain why this concession was made, but in mid-1959, when the claims of the miraculous productive power of the commune had somewhat abated, a Communist writer let the cat out of the bag. He argued that the existing level of production was such that "It is impossible for the collective [commune] production undertaking to satisfy all the needs of the commune members." This was the reality, and this was the reason why the régime took another leap backward in 1959 by permitting individual cultivation of small pieces of land as part of the side-line occupations.

Pigs Is Pigs

It all started with a pig, an animal enthroned by Communist directive as the provider of meat and the cheapest self-generating "fertilizer factory." China's is a meatless socialism, the *goal* of pork consumption (almost the only meat available in China) being one catty (1¼ pounds) a person a month. But pigs are insensitive to Communist ideology, and during the brief period of

collectivization, the Chinese Communists had to permit individual peasants to retain five to ten per cent of the collectivized land in order to solve the shortages of meat and manure. Even in the communes, up to five per cent of the land may be used for private hog breeding.

Communist statistics do not overestimate the effectiveness of private incentive, but what little is said about those communes where it is practiced is revealing. Although derived from the poorest and smallest pieces of land, with the simplest of tools, and restricted by the overwhelming labor demands of the commune, the income from individual production is estimated at one-third of the total commune income.

ONE STEP BACK and two steps forward is a familiar Communist tactic, and the events of 1959 represented only a step back for the communes. They were not abolished, as some of their foreign and even domestic critics said, but split into units, mainly "production brigades," which roughly correspond to and function like the former collective farms. General supervision is still vested in the communes, and so is the ownership of certain properties, while the brigades contribute a share of their income to the general investment fund of the communes. The party continues to exert its tight control over all the constituent parts of a commune, the main purposes remaining intact: ideological remolding of the peasants and the assurance that state revenues and state collections of agricultural products will not be curtailed.

The crucial responsibility of the communes for increasing agricultural production and controlling the work and income of the peasants has been turned over to the revived production brigades of the former collective farms. The brigades are also owners of all the principal means of production, and in the Communist jargon, they now represent the "basic form" of ownership. For the peasants, the reorganization would appear to be a net gain. They can be and are drafted for out-of-the-way projects, but the majority of them work in more familiar conditions, under a leadership they know better, and with a better chance of living and working as a family unit.

In its pure form, the commune owned and controlled everything incorporated into it. This, the world was told, was the closest to the ideal form of ownership by "all the people," the state, the indispensable condition for attaining Communism. The Communists will undoubtedly try to reverse the present trend at a later date, but this significant deviation from pure dogma—even if temporary—is not without importance.

The Communists put great store on industrial development within the communes. This was looked upon as one of the "two legs"—agriculture and industry—upon which a commune was to have rested. The failure of the commune steelmaking was finally admitted, and little has been said in recent months about the thousands upon thousands of small industrial plants or shops allegedly created in late 1958 and early 1959. For the most part, they are evidently little more than extensions of the

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traditional small-scale shops or mills of the village, or of former collective farms. It is reasonable to assume that the function of the communes now is what it should have been in the first place—agricultural production.

Considering the ideological acrobatics at which the Communists are so adept, it is not surprising that they can contemplate the changes in the commune structure and yet maintain that "The leadership is now able to speak louder than ever before." It is indeed loud in criticizing such sacred cows of yesterday as centralism and egalitarianism, and the notion that the millennium of Communism is waiting in the wings. The leaders speak loudest, however, against the usual scapegoats, the "rightists" among party members at all levels, and, more recently, the "middle peasants"—all of whom opposed the communes right along.

Mao vs. Moscow

The heart of the problem is the tremendous burden placed upon rural China, weighted down by the Communist illusion that with politics in command, such means as forced and underpaid labor, high-pressure campaigns, and unquestioning conformity will save the day for the régime in the countryside, ideologically and materially. The total loss of village steelmaking can be shrugged off as an unfortunate experiment. The transformation of the peasant into an "almighty" man, as the Communists like to say, is a long drawn-out affair, important to the Communists but admittedly one that must wait. Not so with agricultural production, upon which China's economic expansion largely depends.

At terrific human cost, China has made enormous progress in subduing nature to serve the interests of greater agricultural production. The increase in output, however, is not nearly enough to feed China's fast-rising population and to meet mounting external obligations. China's production data are difficult to unravel, based as they are on self-deception and political exigencies. The admission, therefore, that the 1958 crop was not 375 million tons but presumably 250 million does not come as a great surprise; nor does the orgy of fake yield claims for individual crops, or the phantasmagoric 525-million-ton target for 1959. Judging by the food shortages and severe food rationing in rural and urban China in 1958 and 1959, and the fact that there was no appreciable increase in agricultural exports, the 1958 grain output was probably lower than 200 million tons, a modest increase over 1957. In terms of weather, 1959 was a very bad year; the area sown had declined by thirty million acres, and much acreage was badly damaged. The official claim of 270 million tons, or twenty million tons more than the official claim for the good year of 1958, belongs in that year's category of fancy tales. A careful study made outside China, estimating the crop at 180 to 190 million tons, comes closest to defining both the actual grain output of China and the difficulty of feeding the people and providing the means for the country's accelerated industrial growth.

The communes of 1958 were too short-lived to enable one to judge their production potential objectively. But the haste with which the Communists have been reorganizing them and the explanations given for their action point to the fact that the gamble on "the most beautiful flower of Marxism that has bloomed in our country" has not been a success. The commune raised many problems and provided hardly any solutions, a situation not dissimilar to that of 1957, when a hundred flowers were invited to bloom and a thousand poisonous weeds sprang up.

One of those weeds is the strain the communes placed upon Sino-Soviet relations. The reasons are threefold. Moscow regards the communes as utopian in conception and impractical in application; Mao's claim that the communes are a short cut to Communism is ample provocation to Moscow's ideological leadership in the Communist world; finally, Moscow's distaste for the communes was fueling the opposition to the communes among the "unsteady" members of the Chinese Communist Party.

YET THE CONFLICT between the Soviets and Chinese Communists did not get out of hand. When the party admitted that the communes were in for a great deal of face lifting and also strongly denounced the idea that Communism in China was all but at hand, a basis for "settlement" had been reached. The Soviet Union, the Chinese conceded, still points the way to Communism. On the other hand, the Chinese have in no way officially repudiated the rural communes, nor have they stopped belaboring their opponents. It was not a settlement, it was a draw. Mao Tse-tung once observed that defeating the enemy is like eating one mouthful after another. "You cannot swallow," he sagely noted, "a whole banquet at one bite." And yet in establishing the communes he tried to do what he had advised against—swallow the peasantry in one gulp. The result has been a severe case of indigestion.

More and More Mouths to Feed

The application of agroscience, higher yields, and the mobilization of huge peasant labor forces for special projects are no invention of the communes. All these practices antedate them. Within the same decade of Chinese Communist rule, remarkably successful results in productivity have been achieved by other Chinese farmers, in Taiwan for example, and without recourse to communization or collectivization. It is not surprising that the "rightists" among the party ranks have dared to raise this question: Were the communes really necessary to develop the agricultural potential of China?

The vehement attack on all such question raisers and the sudden renewal of a vigorous campaign to communize the urban centers foreshadow the régime's future approach to the communes. There is little doubt that with dogmatism in China at an all-time white heat, the Communists are inclined to restore the communes to their "proper" place and enforce their implacable orthodoxy on a long-range basis, lest the peasants seize the opportunity of converting the party's temporary expedient of retreat into an enduring return to the more familiar ways of life and work.

It is just possible, however, that the bow to the peasants' self-interest is something more than a short-lived tactic. The Communists have not

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yet invented a substitute for the peasant and his customary willingness to give generously of his labor if his needs are satisfied. And a steep rise in agricultural production is the *sine qua non* for China in the 1960's.

The current stress on agricultural development is greater than ever. There has been a fifty per cent increase in central government allocations to the communes, and industries have been directed to allocate a greater proportion of their output to agricultural tools and machines. The reasons are not far to seek: not only is the expansion of the national economy absolutely dependent upon it, but also in one decade China's *increase* in population is approximately equivalent to the total population of the United States today. This population, already numbering more than 600 million, must be fed and increasingly large export surpluses created, from a total area of good and marginal land of approximately 275 million acres. This is not a matter to be dealt with in the distant future; it is an immediate problem, overriding in importance any ideological considerations.

DESPITE three agrarian revolutions within a decade, the peasant question in Mao's China remains infinitely more troublesome than in Khrushchev's Russia. After all, the success or failure of the Chinese régime lies in the countryside, the weakest link in the national economy, and Mao Tse-tung adopted Stalin's hard line in an effort to succeed. But in view of the meager results and the monumental problems that cannot be sloughed off, may he not yet be compelled to take a leaf out of Khrushchev's book and put to work in earnest that ever so hated and yet indispensable "smallest bit of individualism"? Mao's régime may even have to compromise its rural revenues, if not its control of the peasants. In short, under communization as under collectivization, if the Communists wish to increase agricultural production and gain peasant support, it will take infinitely more carrot and much less stick. The fundamental Communist policy of simply making the peasants produce more and eat less will no longer suffice.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

Souvenirs of the Okovango

ELIZABETH MARSHALL THOMAS

IN SOUTH AFRICA, when our anthropological expedition felt the need of a vacation, we would pack our trucks, leave our work in the desert, and drive north to a river which flowed in all seasons, even in summer during a drought. It was the Okovango, which forms part of the border between South-West Africa and Angola, and for us it was always entertaining, as a great many people live beside it and a great many events take place along its banks.

After the New Year of 1952, we came from the desert to see the river, to fill our eyes with the sight of moving water, to hear the water sounds,

and to smell the fresh green reeds. When we arrived we camped on a high bank where crocodiles would not disturb us. We washed our laundry in the river, taking turns watching for crocodiles; everything was very dirty, having been so long in the desert, and evening came before we were through. We saw a little python but no crocodiles, and after the sun went down and the river was pink, nine white egrets flew by in three groups of three, like groups of flowers.

The next day we visited a mission in a remote clearing on the river's bank, where we knew the priest and sisters. As we were leaving, one of the sisters gave me for a souvenir a blown crocodile egg. She had found six one day by the river, she told me, and had hatched five of them, but the little crocodiles had been so vicious she had had to throw them away. The leathery egg broke later, but I have the fragments yet, for they remind me of our vacation.

WE WERE on our way to Runtu, the area headquarters of the Commission of Native Affairs, which represents the government of South-West Africa among the large populations of Bantu people who live near the Okovango. Very few white people live in the Okovango District, and those who do are all concerned in some way with Bantu affairs. We were going to Runtu at the invitation of the Native Commissioner. There was to be a great *ndaba,* a meeting of the Bantu tribes which is usually held once a year at Runtu. The chiefs and headmen of the five Bantu nations of the Okovango district are there, and they, together with the Native Commissioner, decide tribal policy and judge civil and recent criminal cases. The chiefs are informed of new government edicts and the chiefs in turn inform their people.

On the way to Runtu, a trip that took two days of driving along the river, my brother rode on top of the truck with one of our interpreters, a young Bantu man who had received an excellent education at a Catholic mission school. The nuns and priests were German, he told my brother, and during the Second World War, when he had been in his last years at school, the German missionaries, longing in their hearts for their own country, had expected that Rommel would succeed in his African campaign. They had lis-

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tened to the radio to hear the progress of the battles, had made and put away cheeses, hams, beer, and wine, and had even planned excursions for hunting or picnics to entertain the German boys when they should reach the Okovango.

Our interpreter had not been in favor of a German victory. His people had already suffered at the hands of the German colonists of South-West Africa, and he laughed when he told the story.

A great many people attended the *ndaba*. During the two days that we drove along the river to Runtu, we passed group after group of Bantu people walking, riding donkeys, driving cattle which would be used to pay fines or *lobola* (bride price) at Runtu, for private as well as official business is transacted there. When we reached Runtu many people had already arrived, and the Bantu town was overflowing. People were camped all around its edges, and their donkeys and cattle strayed far in the veld.

RUNTU is on a high bank at a curve of the river, and the Bantu town, administrative building, and the commissioner's house are under huge spreading trees. The commissioner's house was large and dim, and the walls were hung with leopard skins and the mounted horns of antelope. The guesthouse, where we stayed, had a thatched roof, the coolest, most pleasant roof that I have ever been under. It rustled in the wind, and at night we heard mice climbing in it.

On the morning after we arrived, most of the people who were to attend the *ndaba* had already come. We heard that four of the chiefs were there, but that the fifth, one of the most powerful, was waiting at his camp in the veld, to arrive the following day when the *ndaba* would be held. He had a prisoner with him, we heard, a witch doctor being brought to trial.

The commissioner had planned for there to be a dance the night before the *ndaba*. It was to be an entertainment for the Bantu people and also for us, the European visitors, but when we woke up in the morning after our arrival we heard songs and drumming, and we knew that the dance had already begun. The people had been drinking muhengo beer and had not waited for night.

The dance was going on in a square clearing next to the commissioner's tennis court. The commissioner had planned that the European guests would sit on benches in the tennis court and watch the dance through the fence. But when my brother and I heard the singing we went at once, and found a great number of people crowded together in the little square, dancing in a serpentine and singing

a most beautiful song. Although the men were dressed in the usual ragged European clothing, a sort of laborer's uniform in South Africa, the women wore the carefully made Bantu garments of bead and leather aprons, and wore their hair in tribal fashions, coiled in long ropes down their backs. Babies slept on the backs of their dancing mothers, and dust made all the people gray.

In the middle of the circle stood six young men, holding long drums between their knees. They drummed beautifully and perfectly, and their ragged clothing shook. Beside them was a man with a friction drum, an enormous, deep-voiced drum with a pole attached to the drumhead. The man would pull his hands up the pole and the drum would make a wavering roar which seemed to be attuned to the human body, for when the drum sounded I could feel its vibrations in my chest. The young men drummed steadily, but the friction drum only played at certain intervals, making climaxes in the rhythm, and its effect was profound.

The commissioner, who did not want the people to dance until evening, sent his interpreter to try to stop them, but the interpreter was not able to make himself heard, and finally began to dance himself. The people danced all day, and by night they were too tired to dance any more. That evening, we sat on the commissioner's lawn, the only lawn in thousands upon thousands of square miles, and watched the stars and the dark shore of Angola, far away.

THE NEXT DAY the tribal meeting was held in the open air under some of the beautiful trees. The five chiefs sat together on benches, with the crowds of their people behind them on the ground. A desk for the commissioner was put up opposite them, with benches for us beside the desk. The last to arrive was the commissioner himself, who opened the meeting with a short speech in Afrikaans, the official language, which was translated by two interpreters into the languages of two of the silent, patient Bantu groups. After this, the chiefs and the commissioner judged civil cases. One of these was a divorce suit. When presenting evidence against her husband, the wife got so angry she had a kind of fit and had to be removed from court. After the civil cases came the criminal case, the trial of the chief's prisoner, the man accused of being a witch doctor. The prisoner, a young man dressed in very ragged clothing, was brought in between two Bantu guards and made to crouch in front of the commissioner. We looked at the rows of Bantu people across from us, trying to see what they would make of the sight, but they did not show what they thought, either by speech or gesture. They remained silent and serene.

To be a witch doctor is against

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SPARTACUS

In the last century before the Christian era, Rome stood at the very center of the civilized world. The Republic of Rome – whose proud citizens could not imagine that he who enslaves others must in the end himself become a slave.

In that same century, in the conquered Greek province of Thrace, an illiterate slave woman added to her master's wealth by giving birth to a son, whom she named Spartacus. He was sold by his master into the mines of Libya before his thirteenth birthday. There, under whip, chain and sun, he lived out his youth and early manhood and dreamed the death of human servitude.

The historians of pagan Rome have recorded the death of his dream and the destruction of his life and all his hopes.

Yet, his name still lives, and the last vestiges of human slavery die slowly before our eyes and the defeat of Spartacus has become the victory of man.

– The prologue to the motion picture, SPARTACUS.

A motion picture unmatched in magnitude... with the finest cast ever assembled!

SPARTACUS

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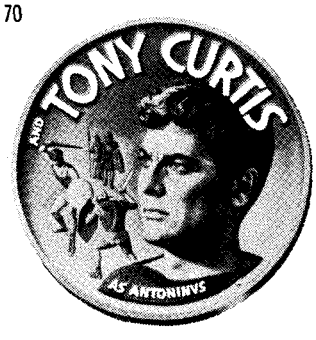

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European law in the Okovango district, yet witch doctors rid their tribes of people who practice sorcery, a black art which is against Bantu law. Since European law makes no provision against sorcery, witch doctoring still goes on, though covertly. We guessed that the tattered young prisoner was not a witch doctor at all but was suspected by the chief of being a sorcerer, brought to court to be accused and punished as a witch doctor. If so, justice satisfactory to both sides would have been served. It would not be the only example of misunderstanding on the part of Europeans trying to serve both laws. Once when we were visiting at the mission, the priest had told us of a Bantu family that had been convicted and punished years before, no doubt at a similar *ndaba,* for putting a new baby alive into a grave with its dead young mother. The priest had rescued the child and had brought it up at the mission. I don't know anything further about the case, but European law probably dealt severely with the family. And yet, perhaps the family had felt abandonment harder to bear even than death, which it resembles; perhaps they had not wished their dead girl to long for her baby in the afterlife, or for the child to long for its dead mother.

A KIT which had been found upon the chief's ragged prisoner was presented to the court as evidence. The kit was a boat-shaped object with a tin can dangling from it. The can was filled with little bundles of twigs, and the boat-shaped object was filled with black paste in which cowrie shells had been embedded. Possession of the kit would have been almost enough to convict the prisoner of sorcery by Bantu law, but it was hard to know. The rows of Bantu people sat remote and impassive all through the trial.

The prisoner himself said that he was not a witch doctor. He had been taken from his village by a labor-recruiting company and had gone to work in South-West Africa on a German's farm. On his way home he had met a man who had traded him the kit for a First World War German Army overcoat that the German farmer had given to the prisoner as part of his wages. When asked what the black paste in the kit was for, the prisoner said he didn't know, but when asked what the bundle of twigs were for he said, "To cure diseases, with the help of God."

The prisoner was sentenced to six lashes, and his kit was taken away.

He was led back to jail until his sentence would be carried out, and court was adjourned. That day I received another souvenir, the kit, which the commissioner gave me when the court was empty of people.

We left Runtu the following day to go back to our camp in the desert. We said good-by to the commissioner and drove away south, and that night, when we stopped our traveling to sleep, the Bantu men of our staff, all Catholics, came to tell me to bury the kit deep in the earth lest it should do us some harm. But I did not want to bury it, even though they would not come near it or me as long as the kit was above the ground. A few days later, when we had reached our camp and I had hidden the kit in a corner of my tent, one of the Bantu men told me what the black paste in the boat-shaped object was. It was a medicine to kill people, he said. Anyone can use it, and here is the way.

You must have a wooden bowl, Bantu-made, as well as a Bantu knife. You must fill the bowl with water, in which you dissolve some of the black paste, and then at night, by firelight, you must crouch in front of the bowl, staring at the water and imagining the face of the person you wish to kill. When the face of that person appears on the water, you must plunge in the knife, and when you do, the water will turn to blood, the face will disappear, and you will know from that moment your enemy is dead, to trouble you no more.

The Rewards of Gluttony

JAY JACOBS

OF THE SEVERAL thousand new works of nonfiction that will have been published in this country by the time the present year runs its course, an item titled *The Priceless Gift,* by Cornelius Hirschberg (Simon and Schuster, $4.95), might well have seemed, to anyone acquainted with the circumstances of its authorship before its acceptance for publication, the book least likely to break into print. Its author—and how he must be inwardly reveling in *that* role!—is a fifty-nine-year-old jewelry and furniture salesman who has not previously published a single line. His book is a retrospective account of his own intellectual progress since he left high school (without a diploma), and it professes to be an introduction, for those who may feel they need one, to the life of the mind. In an era in which an advanced degree is practically a prerequisite for even the most perfunctory hearing on any academic subject, his credentials are nonexistent.

WHEN I MET Neal Hirschberg, he was still in his forties and I in my early twenties. At that time, Neal seemed to me the embodiment and personification of wisdom and culture; and even now, some thirteen years and Lord knows how many putative eggheads later, he still seems one of the very few genuinely cultivated men I've met. His ability to expatiate with torrential volubility on practically every aspect of human knowledge for hours on end did not strike me then (as it does now) as an inability to stop; and for quite some time my Sunday evenings were devoted to pilgrimages to his

(Continued on page 48)

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PARLEZ-VOUS AND WESTPORT, TOO!

The question today is: Why did the man from Berlitz commute nightly to Westport, Conn., when he lived in Newark, N. J.? At first glance it would seem that he was taking the long way home, but once you know the facts, there's a very simple explanation. It involves his traveling companion, the gentleman in the black derby, Counsellor "X."

It seems that the Counsellor (legal ethics prevent using his real name) is an expert in a highly specialized law field. An important client insisted that he handle a difficult case in France. His own experience and the advice of his colleagues convinced him that speaking to a judge and jury through an interpreter would weaken his case. (The embarassed barrister couldn't tell a tort from a demurrer in French.) But where and how was he going to find the time to learn a new language? Berlitz suggested a solution and it went like this: Every night, for the 4½ months until the trial, a Berlitz instructor would ride home with him—and the lawyer would learn to speak French while they commuted on the 5:25.

The rest is history. 4½ months later our legal friend flew to France, perfectly able to communicate with judge, jury, witnesses and even the concierge in his Bordeaux hotel. He conducted the entire case in French, both inside and outside the courtroom, and won his client enough francs to pave the Champs Elysées.

The foregoing (believe it or not) is an actual language problem that Berlitz solved. We hope it emphasizes the fact that whatever your language needs are, Berlitz can help you. Private Berlitz instruction makes it possible for you to arrange a schedule to suit your convenience. You can use lunchtime, pre-business hours, after business hours and even traveling-to-or-from-business time. You can plan business trips or take time out for vacations and Berlitz will accommodate you. In our schools, in homes, in offices, in the Venezuelan jungles, in the oil fields of Indonesia, Berlitz instructors have taught 10½ million people to speak over 50 different languages. There are 211 Berlitz Schools in leading cities across the country and around the world. The local Berlitz Director can tailor a program of Berlitz instruction to your specific needs. (Whether you ride the 6:09 to Khartoum . . . the 4:51 to Stoke Poges . . . or the 5:25 to Westport—he'll do his best for you. And, he knows how to read the local timetable—even if it's written in English!)

FOR BUSINESS OR PLEASURE,

PEOPLE WHO GO PLACES GO TO

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler No. 18

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person.

A
87 171 63 215 13 75 181 25 135 207 195 33
Apparitional counterpart.

B
183 205 3 161 129
Examination. (British military slang.)

C
121 163 167 11 61
Of law. (Lat.)

D
35 55 221 65 139 59 211 49
Back of head. (anatomical prefix)

E
23 223 69 89 123 201 41 133 93 179 137 1
Useless as food. (3,9)

F
29 5 81 85 155 37 185 209
"A castle, precipice encurled, / In a gash of the wind-grieved_____." Browning, De Gustibus.

G
15 109 153 83 145 225 43 193 169
Sleepy.

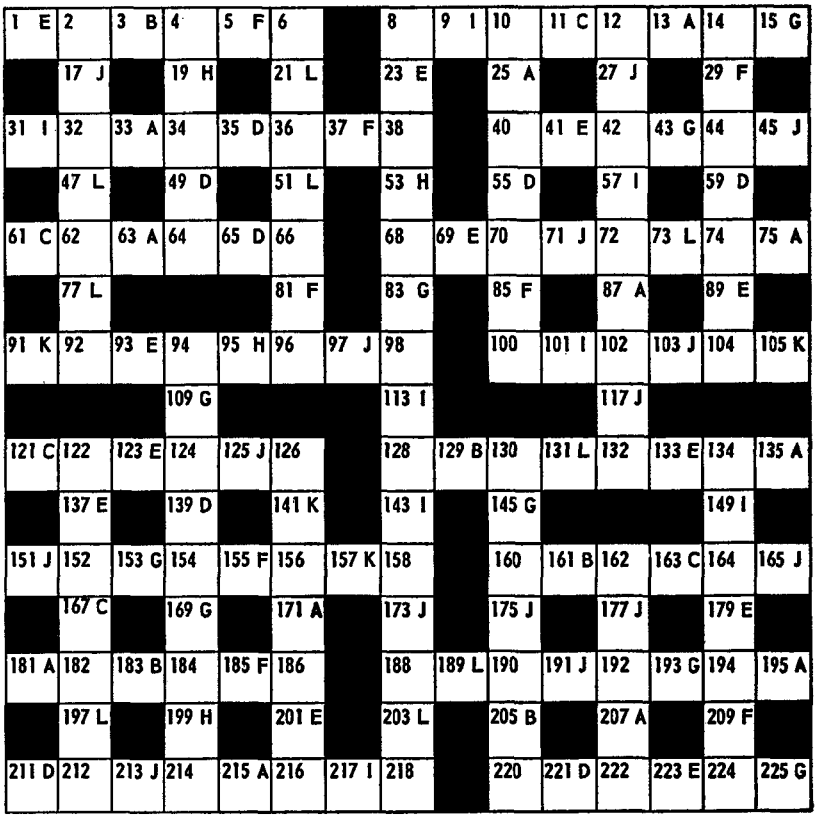
H
95 199 19 53
Taking the place of.

I
57 31 143 9 149 113 217 101
"Sir Plume, of amber_____ justly vain, And the nice conduct of a clouded cane."(5,3)
Pope, Rape of the Lock, iv, 123-4.

J
213 45 125 103 191 117 177 173 97
27 151 165 175 17 71
Telescopic photographic medium. (11,4)

K
157 91 105 141
"This is too warm work, Hardy, to_____ long." Nelson at the Battle of Trafalgar.

L
47 51 21 197 73 203 189 77 131
Serpent of southeast Asia; Naja hannah (4,5)



ACROSS

1. Headgear in direction of avoidance of reality.
8. Proves if you heard wily generation correctly. (2,6).
31. Arc in melanotic, no meal, but a drug.
40. Something slender in Civil Service beliefs.
61. Infective in September, '98.
68. I claim in this that it's unfriendly.
91. These as a comparison for hunger, stillness, and vastness. (2,3,3)
100. Trees cross and puts pressure on.
121. Knightly sports stick out in military agency.
128. Place current back in face cream.
151. Indian, half-French, and by himself.
160. Nape of science sounds uneven.
181. A grand gun.
188. Porcelain an unfavorable omen and bounce on it.
211. Put peas on to this implement for coffee as well?
220. Go to school to find a black tourmaline, but substitute right for none.

DOWN

2. Man who sails great bodies of water in a ship and they are quenchers.
4. A Highlander at the race.
6. Sent ice as lures.
8. Very occasionally; i.e. less than twice in colorful astronomical phenomenon. (4,2,1,4,4)
10. One kind of this vice can show principal accomplishment of Acrostician.
12. Leader sent pride for a fall.
14. Glowing insect raid.
94. Friend is shot? Send him here.
122. Giant hail? It's too much!
126. Dots too prepared (5,2)
130. Some cosiness in mathematics?
134. Commander not on rice.
162. Uneven heard at end of 160 Across.

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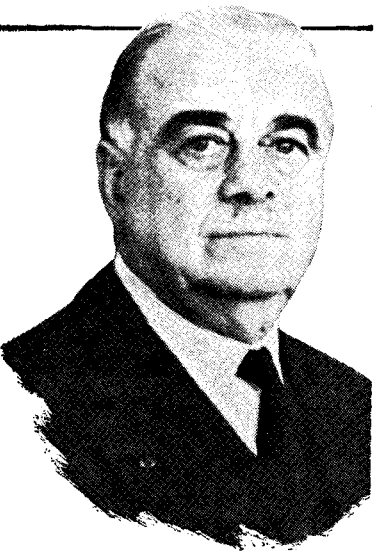

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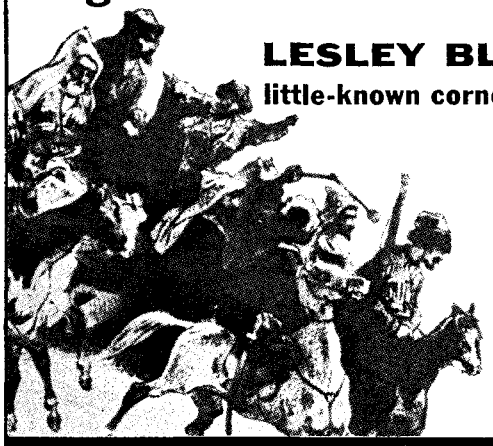

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ashram on Manhattan's upper West Side, where I would bob along hopelessly out of my depth until two or three in the morning on a veritable Niagara of names, dates, facts, figures, theories, calculations, opinions, digressions, quotations, and "above all" (a pet locution of Neal's) words, words, words—while he delivered, with unabating enthusiasm, random exegeses of Marlowe and Darwin and Saintsbury and Ruskin and Spengler and Mozart and Occam and Browning and Dostoevsky and Proust and Joyce and Marvell and Whitehead and Freud and anyone else you care or don't care to name.

Whatever I was then reading, he had read and seemed able to recall *in toto*. What I was just discovering, he could—and with minimal provocation did—quote by the yard. I was immensely flattered to be accepted on what I mistook to be terms of intellectual equality by a man so much older and wiser than myself. It was only later on, when thanks to the impetus of Neal's enthusiasm I could legitimately claim some measure of equality, that I realized our intellectual give-and-take had been largely a matter of his giving and my taking. What I *did* give Neal was my ear—but I did not realize then how badly he needed it.

When I met Neal he had drifted for more than thirty years from one unrewarding job to another in a succession of small-town and big-city "credit stores" or "borax houses," where his prodigious sonorities were supposedly dazzling his intellectual inferiors to the point where they would sign away their future security for baubles and movables they neither needed nor really wanted.

This milieu, populated exclusively by hard-sell operators to whom even the most nebulous indication of highbrow tendencies is symptomatic of serious weakness if not outright aberration, provided few opportunities for the exchange, or even the unilateral airing, of elevated ideas. Conversely, membership in the Retail Clerks International Organization of the AFL hardly gave the cachet calculated to facilitate entrance into the insular world of real scholars. As a consequence, almost throughout Neal's adult life he had no one outside his immediate family with whom he could share the fruits of his voracious and omnivorous reading, until I happened along.

Whatever the reasons may have been for Neal's insatiable hunger for knowledge—reasons that certainly are not so simple as those he rather ingenuously advances in his book—his pursuit of it has been little less than fanatical. While still in his teens, Neal sized up the opportunities life held in store for him and, by a process of quick elimination, found knowledge to be the sole commodity he had a fair chance of acquiring in any quantity, and the only one for which the acquisitive process was in itself satisfying. Of the quest of material wealth he writes: "I have refused to fall for such a shell game. I can count. I can figure the chances."

NEAL'S sole legacy from a father who died young was a small but choice library, and from it he quarried the cornerstone of his education: a large and richly veined block of history that was laid during his fifteenth year when, by utilizing his lunch hours and subway trips to and from his first job, he managed to plow through fifty volumes of Gibbon, Plutarch, Hume, Macaulay, Sismondi, Prescott, Carlyle, and a number of other more ephemeral authors whose books are now as dead as the events they recorded. On this foundation he has laboriously piled a many-chambered edifice that now houses, in addition to as thorough a knowledge of history as any gainfully employed layman is likely to possess, a comparable grasp of literature (with emphasis on the English poets); a reasonable familiarity with the more abstruse branches of mathematics (a late-blooming love on which he has lavished most of his attention during the last few years); a decent grounding in the sciences and philosophy; a fair knowledge of music; and a good deal more of the history of art than the average painter commands—including a fine unstanding of such relatively recondite matters as Han bronzes and Persian lusters (I became convinced there was no affectation in Neal when I found him all alone in the Far Eastern wing of the Metropolitan Museum one rainy day, totally immersed in the contemplation of a Chinese vase). He has also a gnaw-

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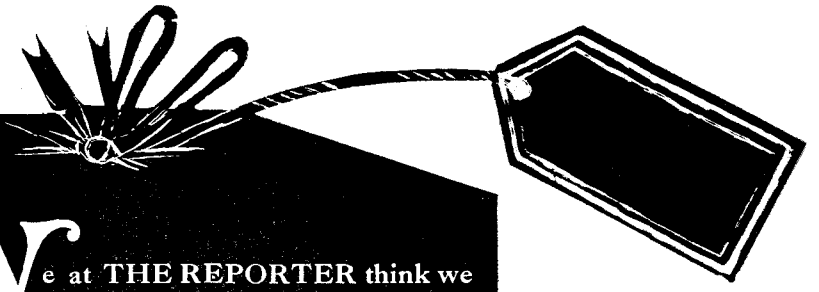

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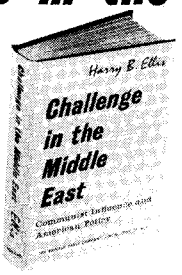
Challenge in the Middle East



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ing awareness of the approach of time's wingéd chariot and of all that he has not yet learned, and a marked inability to grasp an idea or receive an impression unless it is conveyed to him by a work of art or through the medium of the printed page.

Like a good many bookworms and most salesmen, Neal is almost acutely insensitive to the inner workings of people encountered in the flesh. How could it be otherwise with a man who has assiduously kept his nose in a book during a ten-thousand-hour subway ride? One shudders to think of the pretty girls he has missed seeing during that long journey in the company of his immortals. "But I have seen Helen," would be his argument. "And all is dross that is not Helena."

I VALUE those long Sunday evenings spent with Neal. They have enriched my life, and they have certainly changed it. It is easily possible that I would never have read Proust or Conrad had I not been exposed to his contagious enthusiasms; and no one emerges from those worlds quite as one entered them. I am sorry that Neal's book is disfigured by a catchpenny title and I wish that its proselytizing had remained implicit. But for the reader who is not put off by these superficial annoyances or by Neal's blunt salesman's style, what remains is a long Sunday evening with Neal at the top of his impassioned form—and the record of a plain man who has never stopped trying to live "life as it can be lived at its best."

I am made differently, and therefore am not entirely convinced that Neal, rubbing elbows only with the austere dead, *has* had a fuller life than he might have had had he never opened that first, decisive book of history. But this is certainly a minority opinion: the vice of gluttony, where the food involved is food for thought, is universally proclaimed a virtue; and Neal's claim is that, for him, virtue has been its own reward. He writes that his undeviating pursuit of culture has made him the happiest man he knows. And now, after a working lifetime devoted to selling baubles, he is trying to pass on some of that happiness by selling the only product he has ever really believed in.

RECORD NOTES

BRAHMS: DOUBLE CONCERTO. Zino Francescatti, violin; Pierre Fournier, cello; Columbia Symphony, Bruno Walter, cond. (*Columbia;* mono or stereo.)

A glowing, solid, opulent reading of what is for me Brahms's most winning work in the concerto form. Bruno Walter remains unsurpassed in this kind of music—vigorous and assertive where necessary, ruminative and relaxed at the proper moments, never cloying, always attentive to the essential Brahmsian sonorities—and the soloists and orchestra (a West Coast "pickup" group) are worthy accomplices. Bright, resonant stereo sound.

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Everyone knows that Dvorak's *New World Symphony* has a good deal more of Bohemia in it than of America. The name should really be reapplied to the Ives Second, which dates—like the Dvorak work—from the closing years of the nineteenth century. It opens in a comfortable late-Romantic idiom. But soon wisps of Americana begin to dart in and out of the rich instrumental sonorities—snatches of "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean" and "America the Beautiful," intimations of a Stephen Foster ballad and a barn-dance jig—and before the symphony is over there can be no doubt in anyone's mind that only a born Yankee could have composed it.

Now a mélange of homespun tunes and sumptuous orchestration is by no means unfamiliar—any Western sound track can be so described. The difference is that Ives was not merely mixing a few common ingredients; he was expressing with genuine creative passion something that deeply possessed him—call it the *Zeitgeist* of America's Age of Innocence. Like all the greatest music, this symphony gives the impression that its composer cared about every single note. (Those who believe that the twentieth century automatically honors its masterpieces should note that the Ives Second lay unperformed from the day it was completed in 1901 until Leonard Bernstein and the New York

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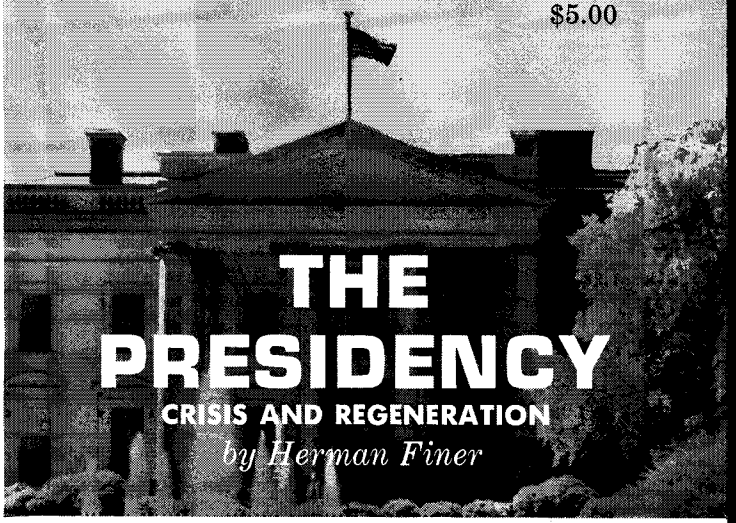

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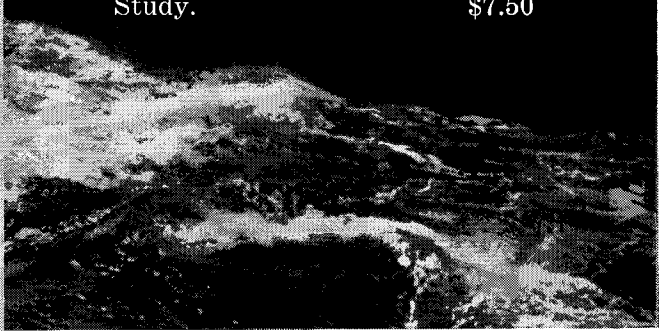

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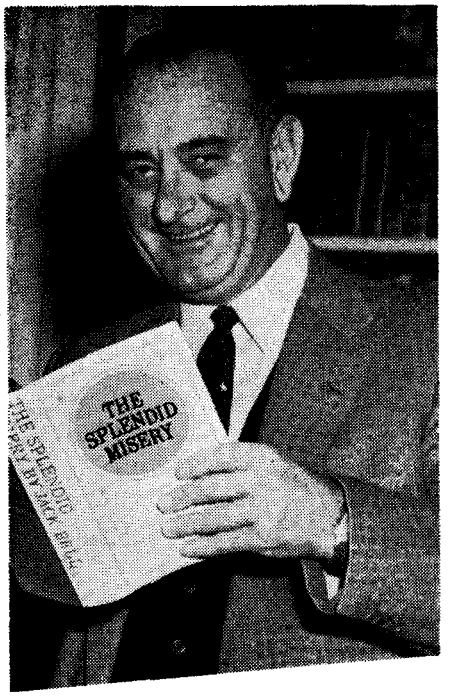

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MUSSORGSKY: PICTURES AT AN EXHIBITION (orchestrated by Ravel). London Symphony, Sir Malcolm Sargent, cond. (*Everest;* stereo.)

When stereo recordings are bad they are very, very bad, but when they are good they are splendid. This is one of the very best stereo discs, and it shows how far the science of recording has progressed. The Mussorgsky-Ravel *Pictures* has always been a remarkably phonogenic score, but never has it come from the loudspeakers with quite this éclat. The sound is spacious, well separated, acutely true to life (for once, violins sound like violins, not like screechy monsters), and distortion-free even in the most heavily modulated passages. Fortunately, this is more than a sound-for-sound's-sake production. Sargent's reading has the requisite bite and finesse, and the rejuvenated London Symphony plays with exciting gusto.

PAISIELLO: THE BARBER OF SEVILLE. Graziella Sciutti, soprano; Nicola Monti, tenor; Rolando Panerai, baritone; Mario Petri, bass; *et al.* Virtuosi di Roma, Renato Fasano, cond. (*Mercury,* 2 records; mono or stereo.)

Commentary on Rossini's *Barber of Seville* invariably begins with the fact that it threw a widely popular opera of the same name by Giovanni Paisiello into utter oblivion. But the wheel of fortune does sometimes turn, and here is the older *Barber* back again in a brilliant new recording.

The work dates from 1782 (that is, four years before Mozart's *Figaro*) and is full of the conceits and techniques we think of as exclusively Mozartean. Indeed, there are a few moments worthy of Mozart himself —notably the preamble to Rosina's cavatina "Giusto ciel," with lovely woodwind divertimento effects that are anticipatory of *Cosi Fan Tutte.* But only a few. In general, the writing does not break through the eighteenth-century conventions into the poetic world inhabited by Mozart. And seldom does Paisiello approach the mastery of musical characterization that we find in the later *Barber.* His "Calunnia" aria, for example, is a pale affair compared to Rossini's.

It would be extravagant to pretend that Mercury has unearthed a neglected masterpiece. But it has brought us a delightful entertainment, bubbling with vivacious rococo chatter and performed to a "T." The singers are both stylish and adept, and the orchestral accompaniment by Renato Fasano's Virtuosi di Roma has a spring and address rarely encountered in performances of Italian opera. Superior engineering, too.

VERDI: LA TRAVIATA. Victoria de los Angeles, soprano; Carlo del Monte, tenor; Mario Sereni, baritone; *et al.* Rome Opera House Orchestra and Chorus, Tullio Serafin, cond. (*Capitol,* 3 records; mono or stereo.)

In the days of the 78-rpm discs, when you could buy recordings of isolated arias and ensembles, the de los Angeles-Sereni version of "Dite alla giovane" from *La Traviata* would have been widely prized by collectors. It is one of those pluperfect musical statements which dissolve all criticism. Every element in the duet—tone, phrasing, diction, timing —is beyond compare, and the sum of them all is a silkily finished and poignantly communicative musical vignette.

Unfortunately, the day of the 78-rpm has passed, and to get this miraculous "Dite alla giovane" you must also get the whole of *Traviata,* in a performance that is always respectable but generally far from miraculous. Victoria de los Angeles sings with her usual precision and warmth, as well as with her usual uncommitted objectivity; and the tenor and baritone (both newcomers to recorded opera) perform their roles musically and without annoying mannerisms—if also without great distinction. The conducting is adroit and intelligent, though it is rather anemic by Toscanini standards. In short, a better than average but not exceptional performance which rises for a moment in Act II to one unforgettable peak.

—ROLAND GELATT

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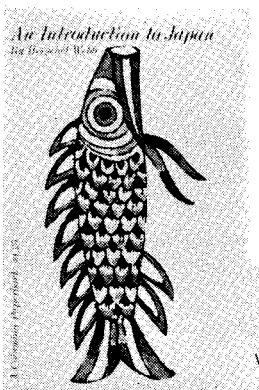

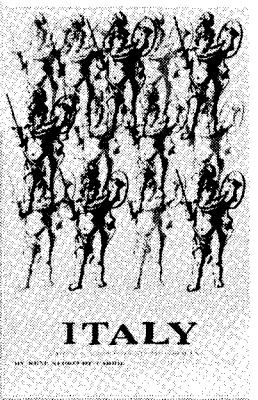

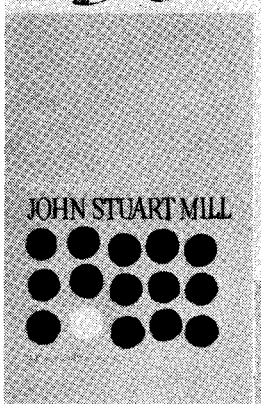

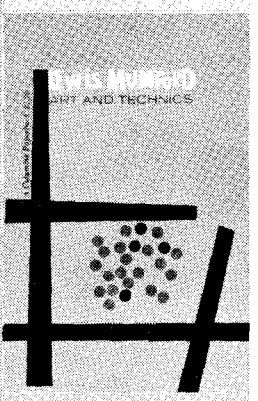

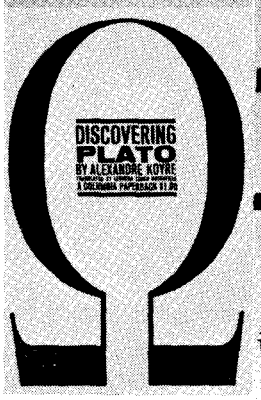

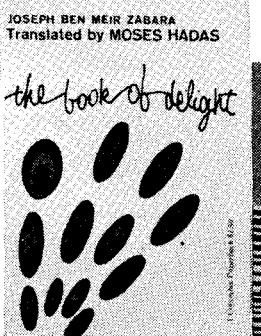

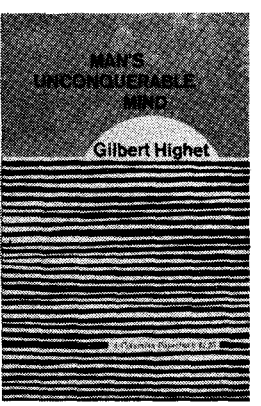

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BOOKS

The Least of These

ALFRED KAZIN

NIGHT, by Elie Wiesel. Translated from the French by Stella Rodway, with a foreword by François Mauriac. *Hill and Wang, $3.*

Of all the crimes by the Nazis, surely the most unforgivable is the internment and murder of so many children. It has been calculated that a million Jewish children perished during the war. Yet many children managed to survive years in the death camps, and now, only in their late twenties and early thirties, have turned out to be the most effective personal historians of life under the Nazis. This is the generation of Anne Frank (who would now have been thirty-one), and the young Spaniard Michel del Castillo, who in that unforgettable memoir *A Child of Our Time* described what it was like to be a child in Buchenwald.

Children who went through such experiences and survived have more than anyone else been able to express the fundamental violation of human dignity committed by the Nazis. The battle-weary soldiers, the superficially experienced journalists, the hardened politicals—none of these has been able to convey, with the same innocence, the full atrocity of the camps. And perhaps only a few of the children themselves felt innocent enough, after constantly being told that they were guilty of being outside the German law, to resent the Nazis at all. But what has made a few good books possible is the fact that some of these children were still so impressionable and trusting that the terrible experiences of the camps were stored up subconsciously in their minds. Only now, in our relatively "peaceful" period, have such memories risen to the surface. Yet such experiences can become curiously unreal even to people constantly obsessed by them, and remarkably vivid as these memoirs are, they often betray the writer's fear that he may be describing a hallucination.

THE AUTHOR of this piercing memoir of life in Auschwitz, Birkenau, and Buchenwald was only fifteen when the war ended for him in April, 1945. By that time he had been separated from his mother and sisters, whom he never saw again; he had seen his own father, after surviving so many "selections," smashed to death. He had lived in Auschwitz with the constant odor of burning human flesh; he had seen children, still alive, thrown into the crematoria; he had seen starving men in the cattle cars transporting them from one camp to another, fighting each other to death over pieces of bread negligently tossed them by German civilians. There are details in his book which can be read only with fresh astonishment at the unflagging cruelty of the Nazis and the peculiarly sadistic frivolity of those who directed this vast system of human extermination. The infamous SS doctor, Mengele, who quickly "selected" those who were to be gassed from the terror-stricken crowds running and stumbling before his eyes, would motion people to death with a conductor's baton! And there is one particular scene which has already made this book famous in Europe. A young boy, after days of being tortured in an attempt to make him reveal where a Dutch prisoner had hidden arms, was put up on the gallows to be hanged.

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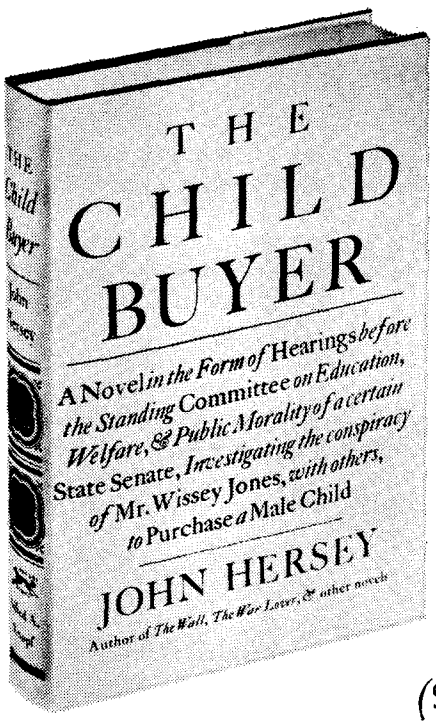
His body was too light and so he kept strangling in front of the thousands of prisoners who had been summoned to watch the execution and who were marched past the gallows. As they went by, Wiesel heard a man asking, "Where is God now?" And he heard himself thinking—"Here He is—He is hanging here on this gallows . . ."

It is this literal "death of God" as absolute emptiness in the soul, the blackness that in his mind means that there is no longer any light from a divine source, that Wiesel experienced most in the endless night of Auschwitz. What makes his book unusual and gives it such a particular poignancy among the many personal accounts of Nazism is that it recounts the loss of his faith by an intensely religious young Jew who grew up in an Orthodox community of Transylvania. To the best of my knowledge, no one of this background has left behind him so moving a record of the direct loss of faith on the part of a young boy.

Night is about a world so unreal that often indeed it reads like a nightmare. Wiesel would be the first to admit its seeming unreality; often enough it must seem unreal to him. But the book satisfies us as a human document; it brings us back to the world we all know, through the crisis of faith that it describes. The Book of Job is the most universally understood part of the Bible, and the young Wiesel's embittered interrogation of Providence unites, as it were, the ever-human Job to the history of our own time; it recalls that peculiarly loving and scolding intimacy with God which is the most powerful single element in the history of the Jews.

It was Wiesel's religious background that originally interested the French Catholic writer François Mauriac in this book. When Wiesel, now an Israeli newspaperman, came to interview Mauriac, the latter described the ineradicable impression that had been made on Mme. Mauriac as she watched the trainloads of Jewish children being deported from Austerlitz Station in Paris. When Mauriac spoke of how often he thought of these children, Wiesel replied, "I was one of them." Mauriac's preface to the book is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singularly beautiful, and though a devout Christian, he describes the martyrdom of the Jews in terms reminiscent of the death of Christ. He too sees the Jewish experience under Nazism in Biblical terms. He describes young Wiesel as "a Lazarus risen from the dead" and, recalling Nietzsche's cry that "God is dead," expresses his compassionate understanding of why a boy in Auschwitz should have thought that "God is dead, the God of love, of gentleness, of comfort, the God of Abraham, of Isaac, of Jacob, has vanished forevermore, beneath the gaze of this child, in the smoke of a human holocaust exacted by Race, the most voracious of all idols." Mauriac's preface is written with that charity and intellectual passion which is the particular mark of French Catholic writers. The magnanimity and literary distinction of his few pages puts into relief the rather delicate literary achievement of Wiesel himself, who in recounting these atrocious early experiences makes one realize how difficult it is for a victim to do full justice to the facts.

YET MAURIAC'S preface, beautiful as it is, misses the dramatic human element, the Job-like accusations that actually unite Wiesel to the religion of his fathers. On the Jewish New Year service in Auschwitz, when ten thousand prisoners said with one voice, "Blessed be the name of the Eternal," the young boy defied the Divinity, Whom he had come to think of as blind and deaf: ". . . but why should I bless Him? In every fiber I rebelled. Because He had had thousands of children burned in His pits? Because He kept six crematories working night and day, on Sundays and feast days? Because in His great might He had created Auschwitz, Birkenau, Buna, and so many factories of death? How could I say to Him: 'Blessed art Thou, Eternal, Master of the Universe, Who chose us from among the races to be tortured day and night, to see our fathers, our mothers, our brothers, end in the crematory?' . . .

"This day I had ceased to plead. I was no longer capable of lamentation. On the contrary, I felt very strong. I was the accuser, God the accused. My eyes were open and I was alone—terribly alone in a world

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without God and without Man . . . I stood amid that praying congregation, observing it like a stranger.

"The service ended with the Kaddish [prayer for the dead]. Everyone recited the Kaddish over his parents, over his children, over his brothers, and over himself."

To Mauriac, this loss of faith seems unnecessary as well as tragic, and he wishes, in effect, that Wiesel could see all these immense losses in our time from a Christian point of view. Mauriac feels that the deportation of children touches upon "the mystery of iniquity whose revelation was to mark the end of one era and the beginning of another. The dream which western man conceived in the eighteenth century, whose dawn he thought he saw in 1789, and which, until August 2, 1914, had grown stronger with the progress of enlightenment and the discoveries of science—this dream vanished finally for me before those trainloads of little children." Mauriac is a great soul in our time. But less gifted, less

hopeful, and even pathetic as the young Wiesel is, there is a positive strength to his complaints against God that Mauriac may have missed.

THE ACCUSATION of God is of someone very real to Wiesel. The dialogue continues. It is exactly because of a child's demand for justice, because of his demand on God, because of his insistence that the consummation has not yet been reached and that history remains imperfect, that the book is so effective. Faith is often hard to talk about. Franz Kafka even said that he who has faith *cannot* talk about it. What counts may be not always one's explicit assent to faith or to non-faith, but the immense confrontation of history, the demand that we make of it as the only ground on which justice may yet show itself. I don't think that I shall soon forget the picture of this young boy standing on a mound of corpses, accusing God of deserting His creation.

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Behrman's Beerbohm

F. W. DUPEE

PORTRAIT OF MAX, by S. N. Behrman. *Random House. $6.*

To judge by *The Spirit of St. Louis,* his book of reminiscences, Lindbergh managed not only to fly the Atlantic alone but, while doing so, to remember in an orderly manner the leading events of his past life; and when he came to write *The Spirit of St. Louis* a quarter century later, he was able to remember his memories. Lindbergh's feats of formidable recall and precise mental navigation are repeated on a smaller scale in *Portrait of Max,* S. N. Behrman's often delightful and often maddening book about his encounters with Max Beerbohm between 1952 and 1956, the year in which the celebrated wit and dandy, parodist and caricaturist, died at the age of eighty-four.

Here is an example of Behrman's use of the Lindbergh method. At the book's close, while Beerbohm lies dying in the Rapallo hospital and Mr. Behrman is taking his last look at the old artist's memento-strewn house, he is assailed by a variety of convenient recalls, like the mingled leitmotivs in a Wagnerian finale. "I went out and walked up the steps to the terrace. It was flooded with sunlight. There I remembered a line of Max's: 'The past is a work of art, free of irrelevancies and loose ends.' " Even Lindbergh's remarkable memory failed to yield apposite quotations.

BUT IN SUCH A BOOK as *Portrait of Max* the mnemonic device I refer to seems to serve, however awkwardly, a useful purpose. The book is largely a record of the talk that passed between Beerbohm and Mr. Behrman during Mr. Behrman's several visits to Rapallo, Italy, the scene of Beerbohm's more than forty years of genial exile and sociable seclusion. Good as the stream of talk generally is and deliciously as one floats along on it as first, it soon begins to close inexorably over one, making breathing difficult. Mr. Behrman evidently wants to keep the reader alive. He also aims to inform him about Beerbohm's writings and drawings, many of which have faded from the public consciousness and are available only in the better libraries. So he includes much comment of a lightly descriptive and interpretive kind. His aims are understandable, and in itself his comment is often charming in the extreme. He is superb at the perilous enterprise of translating Beerbohm's caricatures, with their essentially graphic perceptions, into words. (But I can't make out why he describes Henry James, in a drawing that is reproduced in the book, as merely staring at two pairs of boots, a man's and a woman's, outside a closed bedroom door. The famous snoop of *The Sacred Fount* is obviously listening at the keyhole, his large frightened eye fixed not on the shoes but on the hallway, lest he be surprised at his shameful post.)

THE COMMENT is good then, but the device by which it is insinuated takes its toll of one's nerves. The general effect it is supposed to produce is, I suppose, one of bland immediacy and omniscience. It is the same effect that is aimed at in those *New Yorker* "Profiles," the writers of which undertake to conceal their grubby efforts as researchers and interviewers by saying, "So-and-so observed to a visitor . . ." or "So-and-so was heard to remark recently . . ." Surely, with so much excellent material on so unhackneyed a subject, Mr. Behrman could have afforded to present it more candidly and unfancily. And considering that his subject was a noted scourge of the coy locutions and vain artifices of writers, one thinks that Mr. Behrman might better not have risked a posthumous grin.

If Behrman's *Portrait* resembles a *New Yorker* "Profile," that is because it originally *was* a *New Yorker* "Profile," though of an unusually lengthy and festive kind. His communions with old Max, spread through several issues of the magazine, enlivened the early spring of 1960 as few other events of that season did. But in reading the work then, and in rereading it lately in book form (the book is a beautiful

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one, with many reproductions of the caricatures), I was constantly put off, not only by the use of the recall technique but by the author's general refusal to go beyond the urbanely reportorial and descriptive approach. This approach may be justified by the frankly limited functions of the usual "Profile," where all is suppressed that might impair the slick surface and sharp outline of the thing. But it seems unequal to the job of reconsidering an artist who is so in need of reconsideration at this time.

To be sure, Ellen Moers, in her recently published book, *The Dandy,* devotes an admirable concluding chapter to him. She is as careful as Mr. Behrman is not to overload "the Incomparable Max" with comparisons or snow him under with significances. But Beerbohm did once advise the prospective author of a book about him to "compare me," and Miss Moers tactfully follows his advice. She relates him to her general subject, the tradition of dandyism, where in part he clearly belongs. She also points to certain aspects of his family background and personal character which, far from boring or confusing us, prove exquisitely enlightening. His peculiar valetudinarianism, his passionate identification with the European past, his ability to be very much a part of the English literary life of, roughly, 1895-1914 and yet to be profoundly detached from it all, as if he were living through some phase of literary history long finished—all this is briefly clarified by Miss Moers.

So too with the events of Beerbohm's later life, even though these are not dealt with directly in *The Dandy*. His retirement to Rapallo, his refusal not only of greatness but of certain simple animal comforts, his willingness to live on a small income rather than be televised for a three-thousand-dollar fee, or have his works collected in a Modern Library Giant, or see his novel, *Zuleika Dobson,* dramatized at the request of a New York actress who hoped to perform the principal role—these facts, lovingly detailed by Mr. Behrman, are somehow made to look

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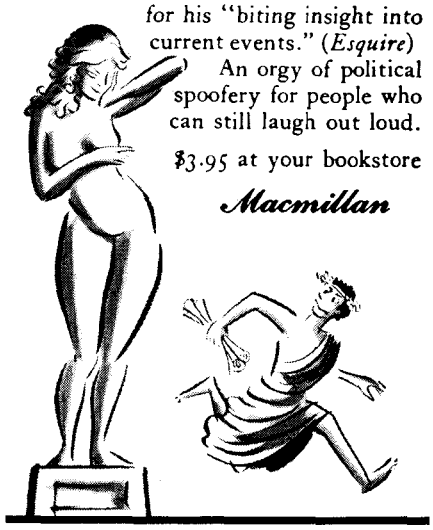

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JOHN J. BORGHI

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1960.

[SEAL] Ann Hollyday Sharp

(*My commission expires March 30, 1961*)

gratuitously wonderful in his account. With Miss Moers's insights in mind, they fall more naturally into the pattern of Beerbohm's life and character. The wonder of his modesty and stoicism remains; but, seeming less gratuitous, it can be relished without any suggestions of impertinence. After all, Beerbohm's was simply the honesty of an honest man, the modest greatness of a man who was modestly great.

IN SHORT, Miss Moers is what Mr. Behrman probably wouldn't be on a bet: a historical critic. He quotes Beerbohm's "compare me," only to refuse the injunction while enthusiastically associating himself with Beerbohm's well-known diffidence toward critics and criticism. In fact he associates himself with his subject so thoroughly that the originally charming relationship between them grows sticky. And with the loss of distance and perspective there is a loss in the matter of selection and discrimination. "Max's eye caught the season's first gardenia in the flower border. We stopped to admire it." We stop to admire everything about darling Max, from the routine humor of the story about how he lost status with the hall porter of a London club to the trite half-truths into which his literary opinions sometimes resolve themselves. (Shaw was "a reformer" rather than an artist and Lawrence was an artist who became a "Messiah," etc.) What strangely happens before we are finished is that Beerbohm becomes more and more intimately associated with Behrman, instead of Behrman with Beerbohm. The portrait of the master threatens to turn into a portrait of the disciple. Finally, as the anecdotes continue to pile up, Beerbohm comes to resemble one of those people cursed with the spectator's role, for whom life is a succession of unrelated ironies, a tale told by a compulsive raconteur. At this stage, the Rapallo recluse is easily imagined as a fixture at the Algonquin.

He wasn't a fixture, of course, however much the Algonquin wits may have thought of him as one of their masters. Nor am I at all sure that the Algonquin wits have really existed as such; they may be a fiction of the popular mind. But if they are real, Beerbohm was not one of them even in spirit. He was not committed to the spectator's role and to making it pay, in money or anecdotes. Mr. Behrman knows what he was and gives plentiful evidence of it. In all his best work he was an artist of a peculiarly pure and uncompromising kind. To a considerable extent, he was this in his stories and essays and in the parodies composing *A Christmas Garland*, which Henry James, one of his victims, thought a masterpiece. He was superlatively and uniquely an artist in those works of comic drawing for which the word "caricatures," though it contented him, may seem inadequate to us. Done always from memory, done again and again even when he was in retirement and many of the subjects were dead, drawn on the best stock for exhibition and publication, scribbled hastily in book margins or letters or on mere scraps, painted in fresco on the walls of his Rapallo house, these queens and princes and statesmen, these artists and writers and actors, form a united spectacle of brilliant and oppressive fatuity.

IF ANY QUALITY of vision is common to the many caricatures of Max Beerbohm, it is somehow connected with the abuse of power. This is not the abuse of social power, as in Daumier's caricatures of towering judges and cowering culprits. Nor is it, as in Saul Steinberg, the abuse of cultural power, whereby people become as enigmatically intricate and ugly as the vulgar displays of architecture and decor that surround them. In Beerbohm, curiously, there are no victims apart from the wielders of power themselves. They are, it seems, their own victims. Prince Edward is stood in the corner of a Windsor Castle room for his sins; but he is as fat from his indulgence of them as Queen Victoria, who stood him there, is fat from the practice of her virtues. (Mr. Behrman notes the family resemblance here as he notes so much else of value in the caricatures.) So too with the writers whom Beerbohm portrayed again and again, in different situations but as a rule with the same essential features. George Moore is dim and rabbity; he seems dim and rabbity from the effects of

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his own scurryings and pantings as a man and writer. A miniature Kipling, tooting a tin horn, is being dragged off his feet by a huge swaggering Britannia with whom he has linked arms; but it was Kipling, the jingo of the Boer War, who began the alarming courtship. In still another sketch, Beerbohm returns to England after a long absence to find Shaw still standing on his head; the posture is uncomfortable and one of his legs is sagging; but what keeps him in it except his own acrobatic will to power?

Behrman's Beerbohm has his annoying lapses, as anyone's Beerbohm must probably have, but he is still wonderful.

Rising Water

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

GOODBYE TO A RIVER: A NARRATIVE, by John Graves. Illustrations by Russell Waterhouse. *Knopf. $4.50.*

The Brazos River—the "Arms of God," though no one knows why the Spaniards named it so—comes from West Texas and New Mexico and runs some eight hundred miles to the Gulf. There is one part of it, a hundred or two hundred miles of twists and turns, that John Graves fished and hunted as a young man, before he went off to fight with the Marines, and the dams that now are going to be built along that section will soon place much of what he knew "down yonder under all the Chris-Crafts and the tinkle of portable radios." In this narrative the author revisits the river of his boyhood.

He spends three weeks canoeing down it, getting very cold and wet and then his muscles feel good again under the autumn sun. Birds rise and he names them; he no longer shoots at every bird he sees as he did when he was young, for now he has built himself a code: it's sport only when you shoot to eat. So he pots a little squirrel now and then although he does not like the way they look when they are skinned, and, making camp in the late afternoon, he throws out a line for fish. He has no compunction about fish, so long,

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IF YOU CAN'T GUESS WHAT YOUR FRIENDS MIGHT WANT FOR CHRISTMAS... YOU CAN CONSULT THE TEA LEAVES... OR YOU CAN TURN TO PAGE 49

of course, as they are caught cleanly. (Undeniably Mr. Graves has traveled into dangerous literary lands: "I used to know who the good bullfighters were and why they were good." But he had a return ticket, and his own strongly individual talent to return to. All he has to do now is to soak off a hotel label or two from his luggage.)

The barren land through which this part of the Brazos runs was once the land of the Comanche Indians. They thought of themselves as "The People," and Mr. Graves tells what happened to them when confronted by the white men, who also, and with equal conviction, thought of themselves as "The People." The Comanches were not easily defeated. It took a lot of fighting to defeat them, and a certain amount of treachery. The Comanches raided and murdered; the Texans—the new Texans, for they had come from all sorts of other places—raided in reprisal and murdered. This was no war with cavalry charges to avenge innocent settlers. The Texans moving westward, pressing the Comanches back, did not think of themselves as innocent or helpless or even as brave: they were simply men who wanted what they wanted and took it. The Comanches knew what they wanted to keep, the great sweep of their hunting grounds, "where the wind blew free and there was nothing to break the light of the sun," and, with ferocious and no doubt deplorable gallantry, they fought to keep it. By 1875 all the fighting between the two "Peoples" was over: the Comanches sullenly settled—the sixteen hundred who survived—on reservations; the whites—in ever-increasing numbers—not sullenly, not even resignedly, more likely with ever-growing enthusiasm, settled down to enjoy the process that was to lead to the Chris-Crafts on the artificial lakes.

Mr. Graves is not romantic about the Comanches or the whites of those earlier days. Nor does he denounce. He tells the stories he knows about them, outrageous, moving, and always absorbingly interesting, as he sits by his campfire, and it is not his fault if the most eloquent voice in the book is that of an Indian, old Ten Bears of the Root Eaters, speaking toward the end of his people's freedom: "They [the Texans] made sorrow come in our camps, and we went out like the buffalo bulls when the cows are attacked. When we found them we killed them, and their scalps hang in our lodges. . . . The Texans have taken away the places where the grass grew the thickest and the timber was the best. . . . The whites have the country which we loved, and we only wish to wander on the prairie until we die." The author comments: "Most of them did wander on the prairie until they died, and because of the kind of activity the wandering entailed, their dying didn't take long to accomplish."

Mirrors On the Wall

GEORGE STEINER

SOWING, by Leonard Woolf. *Harcourt, Brace. $4.50.*

THE BURIED DAY, by C. Day Lewis. *Harper. $3.95.*

Anyone born in England before 1914 and still alive today has passed through three worlds—the Edwardian, the bleak interlude between world wars, and the new welfare state. To have witnessed these successive transformations of life is in itself a notable adventure. Hence even those whose own role has been a minor one feel they have a story worth telling.

Born in 1880, Leonard Woolf gathered his formative impressions in a London of rattling horse carts and flaring gas jets. Open country still lay near at hand, and a strong though invisible barrier divided the "proper" world of Kensington from black, inhuman slums. Governesses and tutors marched in and out of spacious nurseries and Jack the Ripper waited in the fog. Woolf's upbringing was unusual in two respects: he was Jewish and after the early death of his father it was his mother who led the house. But soon Master Leonard entered into the classic groove. He had Greek and Latin drilled into his bones at St. Paul's, where he debated with G. K.

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Chesterton, six years his senior, and received from one of his teachers a copy of Bacon's *Essays* bound in "pale blue and gold."

In 1899, Woolf entered Trinity College, Cambridge. That mere fact was of itself a piece of eminent destiny, for there he made the friendships and alliances of mind that give his own life what historical importance it may have. He was elected to the famous discussion group known as the Apostles, and he circled about G. E. Moore in a cluster of planets that included Lytton Strachey, John Maynard Keynes, Bertrand Russell, and other lesser luminaries. That this chosen tribe was intensely gifted, and that those who belonged to it derived from the experience a profound stirring of sensibility, is unquestionable. But there is a contrast between the private assertions and the public achievements of many of that celebrated group. If we except Russell, who soon launched out into colder, more open waters, most of these brilliant young men accomplished work that is distinguished but not of the first order. Even in the many-sided genius of Keynes there is a persistent amateurishness and incompletion. It's as if the years in Cambridge had been so vital and the association with Moore of so profound and ideal a quality that all later life had about it a touch of epilogue. This was assuredly the case with Leonard Woolf. He was Virginia Woolf's husband. He became an able publicist, editor, and publisher. But his departure from Cambridge for a civil-service job in Ceylon, which marks the close of this first volume of his memoirs, seems to mark also the end of his period of highest promise. What lay ahead was merely life.

Day Lewis was also stamped by his university. It was the contact with Bowra and Auden at Oxford in 1923-1927 that confirmed the poet in him. But being a man of genuine, autonomous talent, Day Lewis had already gathered into himself a great store of experience. *The Buried Day* is a subtly written, precise account of the growth of imagination. All things conspired to make an artist: the tempestuous, lonely father, the long, sensuous summers in the garden of Monart rectory; the beauty of landscape and the inhumanity of boy to boy at Sherborne, the public school of which another memorable account has been given by John Cowper Powys. Auden drove iron into Day Lewis's art, but he did not alter its essentially private, nearly pastoral quality.

It is this quality that gives Day Lewis his special place in the famous triad of "Marxist" poets—Auden-Day Lewis-Spender. Though he was a member of the Communist Party and jeopardized his teaching career in order to express his radical sentiments, he continued to live in the country, a jealous guardian of private feeling. His politically inspired verse has in it an odd tolerance and coolness of vision, as if the cycle of the seasons and the sensuous reality of landscape had always been to the poet more vital than the claims of political crisis.

The principal events in Day Lewis's career are of a private, inward character: the deep but not wholly complete joy of his first marriage; his sensual awakening at the age of thirty-five, "a shameless, half-savage, inordinate affair"; his decision to give up schoolmastering after he had discovered that he could write excellent mystery stories (as Nicholas Blake). Even the occurrence that was perhaps the most decisive in his growth as an artist had a fortuitous cause. His brother-in-law sent him "a short passage from the fourth Georgic . . . asking me if I would let him have a verse translation of it. The passage excited me—particularly the line about bees holding little stones to ballast them when they flew in a gusty wind." The result was a complete version of the *Georgics* and, later on, of the *Aeneid*. The latter is nowhere near as well known as it should be. Yet it is the finest verse translation ever made of Virgil in the English language.

Day Lewis is still a relatively young man and there is something perverse about the serene roundness of his self-portrait. But one can only be grateful that he should have assumed an old man's privilege, for whether or not *The Buried Day* anticipates future biography, it is in itself consummate art.

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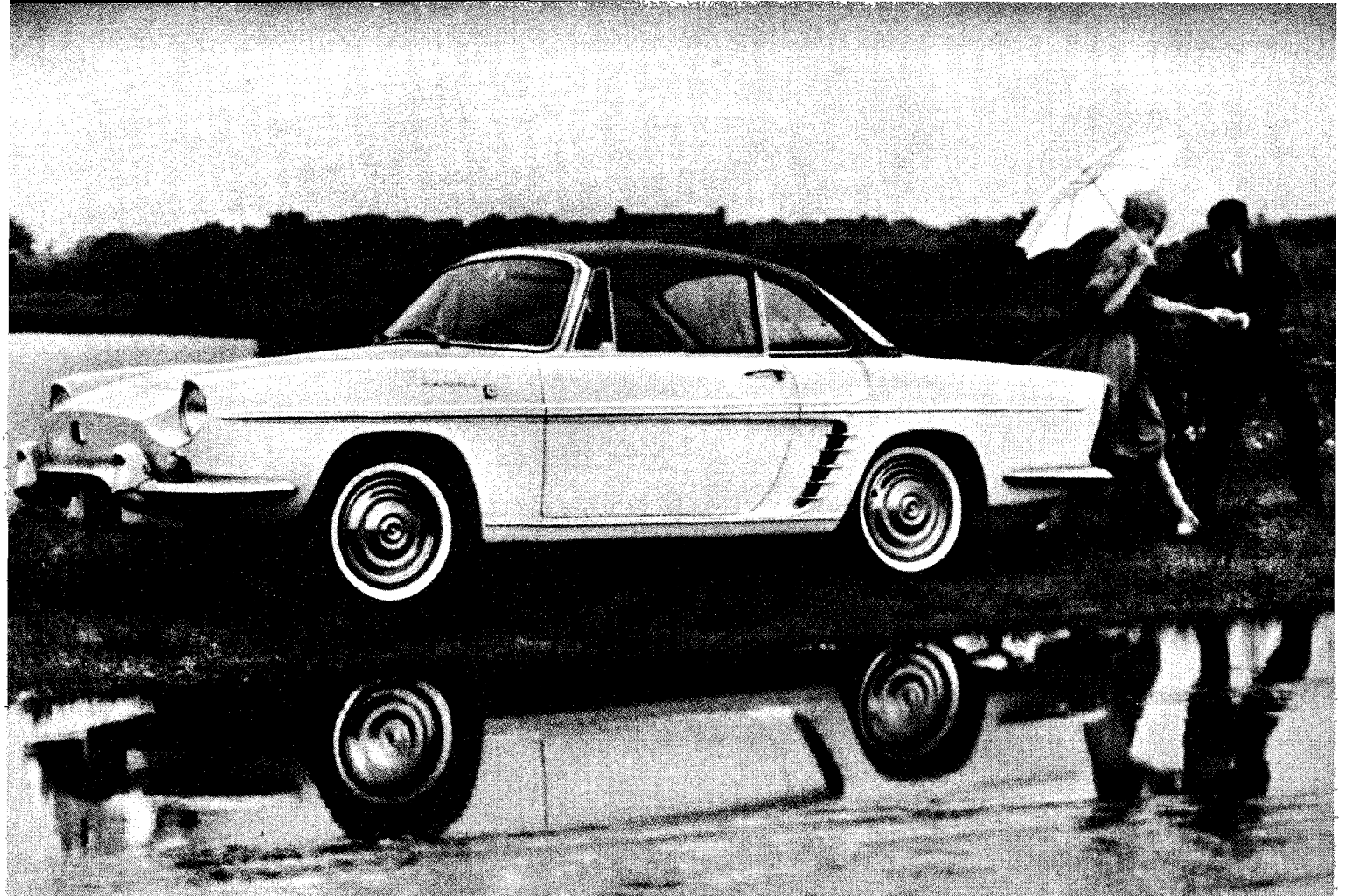

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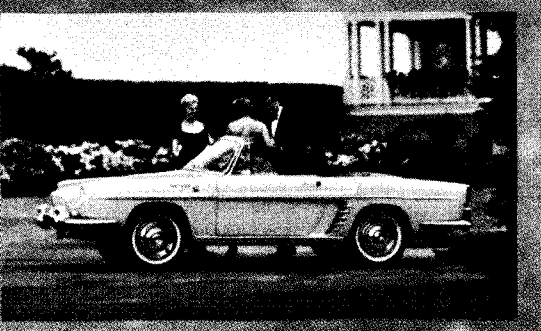

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Napoléon donnant l'ordre avant la Bataille d'Austerlitz. Peinture par Antoine Charles Vernet. (Musée de Versailles.)

Napoleon giving his orders before the battle of Austerlitz, December 2, 1805. Defeating the combined Russian and Austrian armies, Napoleon described the battle as "the finest of all I have fought."

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